

# AMERICAN

## Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1839.

### Embellishments:

THE NEWEST TURN-OUT: *on Steel* BY DICK, AFTER F. C. TURNER.

WOODCOCK SHOOTING: *on Steel* BY DICK, AFTER F. C. TURNER.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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### Great Race at Petersburg.

The result of the great race at Petersburg having just reached us, we can only state that *Boston* beat *The Queen* and *Omega* in two heats; in each heat the race was put upon a brush; *The Queen* ran second in the last heat. Time, 8:02—7:52, being the best four mile time made over the Newmarket Course.

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In the next number of this Magazine it is hoped that the American Racing Calendar may be resumed. With a view to have it bound up separately, or at the end of the volume of the Register, it is necessary to print at the least four pages of it at a time; but we have not enough now on hand unpublished to fill four pages, so closely do we print them.

The Editor announces to his readers that arrangements are in progress to give a series of PORTRAITS OF DISTINGUISHED TURF MEN in this Magazine. The difficulties are, however, so numerous, that he cannot promise definitely that the plan shall be carried into effect; but it having been suggested to, and urged upon him, by several gentlemen of note, every thing will be done on the part of the Editor to insure its success.

The "Strawberry Roan" has been received, and is under consideration; it is well written, but appears better fitted for the "Spirit of the Times" than the Magazine. Our thanks are due this correspondent for the interest which he manifests in the publication.

## THE NEWEST TURN-OUT.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING ON STEEL, BY DICK, AFTER TURNER.

THE favored few who have enjoyed the privilege of turning over the port-folios of splendid engravings at Colman's establishment in Broadway, must have been struck with a large and tastefully colored engraving by Reeve, after Turner, representing the celebrated English roadster *Artaxerxes*. The style of harness and carriage was unknown in this country until a few months ago, but since the importation of the engraving two or three turn-outs, closely imitating this original, have made their appearance in Broadway, where they excite almost as much attention as did Brower's three-wheeled omnibus when it was first trotted out behind "a spike team" of three handsome greys.

Artaxerxes, the subject of the picture referred to, was twelve years old at the time it was painted. He was the property of Charles Enderby, Esq., and was driven in the style shewn above, from August 1835 to October 1837, when he was obliged to be destroyed, from having been unfortunately bitten by a mad dog.

It will be remarked that the horse is not annoyed by any superfluous pieces of harness; he is driven with the "Gardner bit,"\* without a headstall, and draws without breastplate, collar, or traces. A pad, stuffed down to near the horse's elbow, answers the double purpose of breeching and collar; this pad, in which the terrets are screwed, with the reins and bit, comprise every article composing the harness. The Gardner bit looks very well in the mouth of a spirited horse, though we think it cannot be classed among the improvements of the age: it gives a fine effect to a horse with a fine eye and flowing mane, and Cowan, of the Bazaar in Crosby-street, uses it occasionally to show off the brown leaders of one of his handsome four-in-hand teams. It is perfectly safe, and when properly screwed on, cannot injure a horse's mouth.

The carriage, known here as a Tilbury, is particularly *recherché* and elegant; it is better adapted to city pavements than country roads, being rather heavy; the shafts are bent so as to balance the carriage perfectly, while the springs of the body being well let down in front, and coupled to the shafts considerably in front of the step, throw a portion of the draught on the horse's back. These Tilburys are much lighter than the fashionable Stanhope, while they run easier and are infinitely superior in point of comfort and tastefulness. No carriage we have seen combines, at equal cost, so much lightness and luxurious ease, with the same beauty of proportions and general elegance; and we hope to see them take the place of the cumbersome and heavy drags in general use here, which require a powerful sixteen-hand horse to move them over the pavements.

\* The bit in question was introduced into England from Paris, by Lord Gardner, in the Spring of 1830, and, from its singularity, bears his Lordship's name. There is a circular bar behind fitting the back part of the mouth outside. The bar, within the mouth, is formed by two screws: the cheeks, to which these screws are attached, are circular, and resemble the wheels of an ancient Roman chariot. The bit is unscrewed and placed in the mouth, and is then screwed upon both sides to the proper degree of tightness, so as not to distress the animal. The bridle is then buckled to rings for the purpose. It is thus firmly fixed, and no horse could get rid of it, try as he might.

Some months since, Willis (a correspondent of this Magazine,) wrote a capital article in "The Corsair," upon the subject of the horses and equipages of New York and London, a portion of which we quote in this place:—

"We are justly proud in our young country, of excelling the English in one breed of horses (trotters), and of equalling them in the race-horse. But among England's best and most enjoyable points of superiority, are her *pleasure-horses* and *pleasure-carriages*, and in these matters (it may as well be frankly confessed,) we are far behind.

"What does a fashionable young man of New York pique himself upon? A wagon in which he sits like a turkey in a market-basket, and a horse built behind like a pent-house, his neck thin and low, his joints double, and a straddle of his hind legs as if his tail would distance his head before the second mile-post. *He is a trotter.* His make is on the principle of the hammer and nail. His shoulders have to be driven ahead by his hind quarters, and are sharpened accordingly. Hammering on the pavements won't do, however—so, as the horse has but one gait, he creeps out of town at a sort of shuffle-trot, his fore legs having about as much to do with his getting on, as a bear's fore paws when travelling at his leisure. The owner at last gets off the pavement, and then what? Mark, he is driving for pleasure! He looks before and behind, and upon the result of his survey depends the question whether he shall wait for the comer-after, or overtake the goer-before. In either case, he drives close alongside, and, be it friend or stranger, challenges to a trial of speed. If the unfortunate person overtaken or waited for, happen to have a mettlesome nag, the challenge that the master may refuse soon tells upon the horse, and, as a necessary consequence, a gentleman would as soon think of taking a pleasure-ride on a race-course during a sweepstakes, as upon any of the tolerable avenues leading from the city. Now, a trotting-horse is well enough in his place, and so is a billiard-cue; but it would be quite as good taste to walk Broadway with a billiard-cue for a cane, as to drive habitually through the streets with a sporting horse.

"What in England is called the *park-horse*, either for the cabriolet or the saddle, is not so much unknown as unvalued with us. It is a horse much larger than our common breed of carriage-horses, half or three parts blood, lofty, showy, and combining great strength with a very agile and elastic movement. He has what horsemen call high *knee-action*, and is full of fire, pride, and beauty. He is capable of sufficient speed to rid you of any nuisance on the road, and is prompt and quick enough to disentangle you easily from a press of carriages in a crowded thoroughfare; but he is not selected nor wanted for great speed. This class of horses, abroad, is extremely valuable. There were three in London a year or two since (Count D'Orsay's, Lord Gardiner's, and Lord Sefton's—all cabriolet horses,) neither of which could be bought for £500. Yet such horses are not uncommon in this country. We saw one not long since in the Lake country, as fine as any of these just named, which the owner (a horse dealer) had taken once to New York and brought back as unsaleable. He was 'not fast enough for the fashionable young men, and his action was too high for the doctors and milk-men.'



"There is a very convenient fashion in England of matching carriage-horses by make and speed, not by color. A pair of high stepping and fine horses, one bay and one grey, for example, make a beautiful appearance, when they move exactly together; and as the match is easier made, and shows better than a pair only alike in color, the fashion is an economical one, and worthy of imitation.

"The carriages of our country are made, almost without exception, as if they were intended to carry children. You can scarce make four well grown persons more uncomfortable than by giving them a drive in a fashionable New York carriage. With a laudable ambition to improve upon the English carriage, which is too heavy, the coach-makers have run into the opposite extreme, and, to make the lightest possible vehicle, diminished its size and capacity, till all the comfort of the carriage is quite lost. The worst of it is, too, that it is quite unnecessary; for it is the nature of the *wood* that compels the English to build heavily. Our woods are finer-grained and tougher, and with the same contents as the London vehicle, we can build of half the weight. *Some* weight, however, is necessary, as any one will acknowledge who has been wimpled and *chuck'd* about in one of the fashionable fly-traps over the pavement of Broadway. The fault lies in the public taste as much as in the builder; for he makes what will best sell. One of the handsomest, best-built, and most comfortable carriages we ever saw, was a covered drosky, built by Collins & Lawrence, and lately for sale just behind the Astor. It was solid enough not to be tossed into the air by every pebble, but a light load for two horses, and of the most comfortable and well arranged interior. It is not *their* fault if the public taste prefers the slighter vehicles. They have at least an example of a better style.

"Frequent attempts have been made to introduce the English cabriolet into this country, but they have failed, not because it was unsuited to our wants, but because the extreme heaviness of the structure was servilely copied. It is the most comfortable of all vehicles, and might be made light enough with American woods to suit our pavements and small horses.

"A very great want in New York, is that of a *carriage promenade*. A plan has been once or twice broached in the public prints, of laying out a mall and drive on the bank of the Hudson, in the northwestern suburb of the city. As a resort in the summer evenings, to drive slowly along the river, inhale the fresh air, and greet friends and acquaintances without the ceremony of visits, it would be one of the most delightful improvements possible to this great metropolis. The English parks, used for this purpose, have not inaptly been called the *lungs of London*, and are invaluable to that capital, no less as a means of health than pleasure. What with the trotting-races on the avenues, and the crowded pavement of Broadway, there is really no place within the reach of the citizens of New York, where ladies and children may safely be sent for a drive in the fresh air.

"This same mania for trotting has introduced a slightness in the fashion of harness, which is carried also to an extreme. However neatness may be the best rule for the exterior of a gentleman, sumptuousness is the first requisite in the caparison of the horse. The blinkers on our modish harness are so reduced as frequently to disease

the eye of the animal; and the saddles, instead of falling into the beautiful curve lines of his body, are shaped and set on his back like two inverted quarters of orange peel. It is a fault in the construction of our carriages, too, that the bar and whippetrees are set too far from the fore wheels, and when the traces are too long (which is commonly the case) the whole equipage has a straggling and ill-appointed look, spite of the best glories of brass and blacking. Every owner of an equipage should look after these minor proprieties, for there is seldom a groom or coachman of sufficient taste or intelligence to know, within half a dozen holes, where he should buckle check-rein, trace, or pole-strap.

"We had no intention of being so prolix on this theme when we took it up, but we consider the subject, little as it is usually noticed, to come legitimately under the head of *Fashion*, and worthy attention as well as any other 'outer show' of the metropolis. If we have dwelt upon it with some unction, the reader must forgive us, for we have something of the weakness of 'simply the most active gentleman of France,' who said, 'the man had no wit that could not, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on his palfrey.'"

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### MORE COLLINEOMANIA.

A FIT, BROUGHT ON BY LOOKING AT THE PICTURE:

SUFFERED BY J. CYPRESS, JR.

WHITE, in his "Natural History of Selbourne," calls the Woodcock "*Scolopax*," simply. Latham dubs him "*Scolopax Rusticola*." Wilson christens him "*Scolopax minor*." This is, probably, the true patronymic of the American bird, as he is a "*minor*,"—a smaller animal than that described by the ornithologists of the old world. If you go to Delmonico's, to eat out of season, you will ask for "*la Becasse*," and be mistaken for a Frenchman, and get a private room, and so, perhaps, avoid detection. Sportsmen, generally, among themselves, talk of killing "*cock*;" but if they meet an old woman in the woods, and want information where to beat, they ask her if she "has seen any *blind snipes*." A straggling boy will pocket your sixpence, and send you up a rugged mountain, on whose other side he will assure you there are "plenty of woodcocks," and you will go and find, after a weary travel, that you have had your tramp after *red-headed woodpeckers*.

Seeing, therefore, that the nomenclature is uncertain, and sometimes undignified, reducing a much valued visitor to the caste of a common dunghill chanticleer; and, moreover, as this is the age of reform of unworthy names, we propose to introduce to our readers the excellent subject of this article by his true title of "*Scolopax minor*." Let him have honor and welcome under that designation. He is cousin germain to "*Scolopax Gallinago*," (commonly called the "English" snipe,—undeservedly, too,—for he is a native-born "Alleghanian,") and feeds on similar food,—though he uses less salt

than his aforesaid relative,—and speaks the same language, differing, only a little, in dialect. Listen to the one in latter August, in the corn fields, and to the other in decaying Autumn, on his boggy meadows, and you will hear them speak their true name, when you flush them. Only *Sc. minor* is fainter in his utterance, and in breeding season, and in the woods, utters other voices. But both have, undoubtedly, derived their family name from their cry,—their *Scolopaxian* “good bye,” “I’m off.” Anatomize the word, and take out the vowels, which, when a bird is in a hurry, he cannot be expected to have time to put in. Try it. *ScLpX!* The *trail* is out, but is not the body of the sound perfect?

We like the whole tribe of bipeds belonging to this ordo, whether allied to the genus of long-billed Curlew, Heron, Sandpiper, or any other created or manufactured species. They are the only people who come to us with *long bills*, whom we are particularly anxious to see. If any boy of *theirs* comes to us and says, “here is your bill, Sir,”—kick him out?—we do not. We are more likely to be kicked in our own shoulder by the reaction of the hearty greeting with which we welcome him. We make a point (if we are on the upland, our dog does, too,) to return the heaviest compliments for the presentation, so that we sometimes overwhelm our visitor with confusion and faintness, by the warmth and pressure of our reception.

But as we have a right to pick our friends, so we have to pick our birds:—our enemy would say—the first to the pocket, the last to the bone. We would take issue on that allegation, and set the case down for hearing, in Chancery, upon pleadings and proofs,—to be heard in 1841, and decided in 1857. Decision doubtful. The distributor of justice might have had a good *pick* at his dinner, or he might have a bad *pique* against the complaining or defending sinner, and the cause would have to run the gauntlet. Trust to luck. Luck sometimes operates like a powerful argument. Kaimes overlooked it in his book on Rhetoric. So did Blair. Collins says nothing about it in his Ode on the Passions. Malthus had a glimpse of the truth, but he was afraid to tell fully his imperfect vision. His apocalypse is not revealed. Wait. Meantime, we will pick Master *Scolopax* out from the company of all the long-bills, and deliver him to sacrificial fire.

Mark! there’s a bird! While we were rambling on, you, dear reader, unconsciously and harmlessly (for he has no fangs) trod upon a black snake; and we flushed a quail; but October 25th was not yet, and he was safe. There, now, is a *cock*—a *woodcock*,—*Scolopax minor*. See how splendidly, cautiously, patronizingly, hungrily, Jim Crow stands! Splendidly,—for the reputation of his own nose and figure; cautiously,—for his master’s chance to see the bird rise; patronizingly,—for the benefit of the unhappy victim, [even as a carpenter landlord smiles upon a widow tenant of a single room in his miserable structure, called a house, in the eighth ward, paying weekly in advance, one quarter of the value of the whole tenement, when he distrains and sells the portrait of her husband, and her last silver spoon, for the rent not yet earned]; hungrily,—not with selfish, animal appetite—for a good dog eats no birds—but with generous consideration for your own teeth, after his careful lips have tasted



the taste of the feathers, which his full-crowded mouth will soon bring to you unruffled.

That suggestion is for your imagination's sake, dear pupil; but you may make it fact if you can spare a thousand dollars, and buy Jim. In the engraving antecedent, which we had rather illustrate with powder and shot and wet boots, than with pen and ink, is exhibited a variation of the exciting toil. Scolopax is there, heaven-bound. Doubly so: for there is a messenger after him to bring him to (by him) an undesired Paradise. He may, unless he can fly faster than the leaden missive which you see preparing to pursue him, suck his julep by night-fall in another elysium than his own sheltered wood-lake. The setters seem to be at fault, and have, probably, flushed the fugitive. The distance, however, is short, the sight is unobstructed, and the bird is doomed to a deliberate death. Ye, who have not known the beatitude of Scolopaxian collineation, look on with wonder and mute admiration!

There are some unlucky people, who have never enjoyed the acquaintance of *Sc. minor*. To them we say, cut him not, unless with a delicate knife after he has been embalmed upon a bed of toasted milk-biscuit, with his head resting upon a minute slice of Floridian orange. He belongs to the best society, and is worthy of your recognition. The books of ornithological heraldry give him emblazonment. Take Wilson for the authority of your introduction, and learn to know him well. Read this advertisement of his quality, and mistake him not: — "*ten inches and a half long, and sixteen inches in extent; bill a brownish flesh colour, black towards the tip, the upper mandible ending in a slight nob, that projects about one tenth of an inch beyond the lower; each grooved, and in length somewhat more than two inches and a half; forehead, line over the eye, and whole lower parts, reddish tawny; sides of the neck inclining to ash; between the eye and bill a slight streak of dark brown; crown, from the forepart of the eye backwards, black, crossed by three narrow bands of brownish white; cheeks marked with a bar of black, variegated with light brown; edges of the back, and of the scapulars, pale blueish white; back and scapulars deep black, each feather tipped or marbled with light brown and bright ferruginous, with numerous fine zig-zag lines of black crossing the lighter parts; quills plain dusky brown; tail black, each feather marked along the outer edge with small spots of pale brown, and ending in narrow tips of a pale drab colour above, and silvery white below; lining of the wing bright rust; legs and feet a pale reddish flesh colour; eye very full and black, seated high, and very far back in the head; weight five ounces and a half, sometimes six.*" — Why, every feather of his head is counted and labelled! Such is the honorable estimation in which Master Scolopax hath been held among the aristocracy of ornithologists.

*Sc. minor* is a sort of citizen, although he only rusticates and squats among our cedars, or in our deep swamps, as in a summer country-seat. He could bring an action of trespass, and recover damages, for his frequent dispossession, if he could only persuade the Sheriff to summon a jury "*de medietate lingue.*" But that mercy is abolished by the Revised Statutes, and he has to take his chance of escape from "forcible entry and detainer," with the rest of the unfortunate proprietors who hold under doubtful titles. He arrives



here from the South during the month of February, or just so soon as the thawing mud-puddles will yield to his hungry mandible, and permit him to bore for the delicate larvæ beginning to wake up from their winter's sleep. Love, nidification, and good eating, are then his chief employment. At morning and evening twilight he amuses himself with a spiral flutteration above the tree-tops, murmuring an epithalamic song which none but a snipe could compose,—“*dulce modulamine mulcet*,”—while she, his mate, below, nourishes in the rude oak-leaf nest the young victims whom both parents so sedulously prepare for your killing in next July. Fatal first! how the weak-winged chickens tumble! The survivors, in the succeeding month, seek securer and cooler waters further North. Approaching winter brings them back in clusters. Then resound the woods with echoing volleys. October heaps up slaughtered hecatombs. Alas! for the love of blood! The month has come, and our Westley Richards is ready!

We are almost too sentimental to be a good shot. Doubtless, the fear of guiltiness of volucricide may account for many, otherwise unpardonable, misses we have committed, when we have nearly trod upon a bevy of quail; or when a sudden partridge whirled like lightning over a neighboring thicket, and our fluttering forefinger scattered too long lingering missives among the innocent bushes. On the whole, although a man must do his duty, “painful as it is,” (as a Judge would say to a felon whom he is going to sentence to death,) yet it would be better for a collineomaniac to think, now and then, of the desolation he is bringing down upon happy nests; of how many little broods he may cause to starve; of how many robbed mates he will send, nubivagant, whistling and singing tremulous love-notes through the air, vainly searching and calling for their lost spouses, never, never to return! To do so, would have a powerful moral effect upon every sportsman. It would increase the size of his organ of veneration, and diminish the detestable bumps of destructiveness and acquisitiveness. He would not kill more than were needful for his family, a few immediate friends, and his own honor. He would also augment his organ of pity, in two ways: First, by his forbearance, and regret for those doomed birds whom he cannot help cut down; and, secondly, by his consideration for other murderers who are to come after him next day, and who, like him, have wives or sweethearts, and pride. In this latter view of the matter, he would learn another noble lesson. Pity is not only “akin to love,” but its sister or brother.—The sex, here, is probably masculine.—He would learn to “love his neighbor as himself;” and not, like a grasping glutton, bag all. By all our hopes! we hold that villain a dangerous citizen, who heaps up mounds of unnecessary carcasses, and brags of the *numbers* he has slaughtered. We distrust his honesty, and think of the potency of *silver* shot put into the hands of country boys who watch by dusk at ponds. He would shoot at a covey of partridges, skulking by the side of an old log, *upon the ground*! He is a cockney, and no true sportsman, and should be condemned to set snares and shoot for market.

We are thinking now of the breeders and whistlers of our own fields and woods; not of the travelling passengers who merely dip

into our waters, and marshes, on their way to the northern springs, and on their return to tropical bayous and hammocks, and who are cosmopolites, and no fellow-countryman. They are strangers, and may be taken in. Shoot and kill. Yet even for some of these we plead. Break not up the feeding places of the Brant, nor dig a hole near the sanding spot of the goose. Let them have some quiet water-lot, free from taxes, where they may repose after a weary flight, and do not rout them from every broad shallow and hidden nook. If the passion for collineation rages, insatiable, get Raynor Rock, or one of his boys, to row you out into the breakers, and bang away at Scoter, Surf, and Velvet ducks, whom Long Island baymen, unlawfully, call "*Coot.*" "Number 2," and heavy loads, and a whiffing skiff, will soon lame your shoulder, and gratify your ambition.

A sportsman is not proven by the numbers he produces, but by the telling of his shots, and by his time. No true gentleman ought to labor on the uplands, soaking his fustian with day-light dew, and dragging weary legs through twilight mud. There might be an honest match made, we admit, touching the number of Cock on a given day. But the event would depend not only upon the skill, coolness, and good dog of the performer, but upon the length and strength of legs, and all the ordinary capacities of a foot racer. He who walks three miles, and kills eighteen birds out of twenty, in four hours, and comes home before noon, is entitled to the palm in preference to the painful toiler who tramps all day and blunders down fifty wingtips, missing at every other shot.

Nevertheless, we have been in the solemn woods all day, and have dallied with solitary nature, until dusky evening whispered in our ear to skip and jump down the rough ox-cart precipices, called roads, and when sombre clouds and interwoven branches of tall trees shut out even the light of the flashing torch of the lightning, except when once it shivered, ten yards before us, an enormous oak to whose hypocritical welcome of towery leaves we were hastening for protection from the beginning hail-storm, and when the thunderbolt that burst upon the stricken giant, stunned our fearful ears, and threw us trembling back upon a sharp rock which quivered in its tottering tenancy of the edge of a deep ravine, and then plunged down the precipice, leaving us clinging and climbing with desperate strength upon the uncertain sand and crumbling clay. Bear witness, ye mountains of Haverstraw! Did not the storm scream, and the trees groan, and the cataracts of mixed hail-stones and torrent-rain-water sweep down the hill side! Did we not imbibe a hot brandy-sling when we arrived at Job's, and put on a dry shirt and got to bed!—But, were we beating for birds all day? No, no. Eleven o'clock, A. M., found us, not weary, but languid, by a leaping stream, clear and pure as our Mary's eyes, and of a similar color; and we took out our smitten prey, and smoothed their feathers down, and arranged them in a row, and looked at them, and thought of death, and graves, and then we dipped into the musical water and lipped Castalian glories, and laved our hot brow, and then fell into a cool resting-place upon some short sweet grass by the side of a hazel bush, and took from our pocket Thompson's "*Seasons,*" and read, and fell asleep, dreaming of the beautiful Musidora. Musidora cost us a wet jacket,

and a heavy cold. Nothing but thunder could have awakened us from that dream.

We seem to hear even now the murmur of that rivulet, and a woodcock getting up by its side. We are off. Reader, farewell.

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### CRIB-BITING.

THE crib-biting horse has generally a lean constricted appearance, the skin being drawn tight about the ribs, the hair staring and thready, and devoid of gloss, a sunken watery eye, or else too dry, the muscles of the face also, as well as the skin, drawn up with rigidity, and, when unemployed in eating, his almost constant amusement is, to grasp with extended mouth the rail of the manger with his front teeth, then to draw himself up to it, as to a fixed point, by a general contraction of all the muscles of the head, neck, and trunk; at the same time this effort is attended with a grunting sound, apparently from air expelled by the mouth; a relaxation succeeds, and then a new effort, slaving the manger very much with the tongue, for, as the mouth is held wide open, and the jaws distended, the saliva naturally takes this direction.

The horse that has contracted this unsightly habit grows lean, his digestion, after a time, becomes impaired, and it is generally conceived that he draws air into his stomach, which is the cause of this; his temper becomes soured, and more or less weakness and unfitness for service ensue, according to his natural strength, for some do not appear to be materially in this respect injured by it, while others are obviously rendered much weaker by it, and more incapable of a proper day's work; it appears, indeed, that horses of a fiery, hot, and unkind temper, get the most easily into this vice. How this extraordinary propensity becomes first created, has not been, we believe, much attended to, and with some it appears to arise naturally, as though the sucking of the air gave them pleasure, or a relief from some sort of suffering; and at first we imagined that pains in the stomach from acidity or other causes might create it, as we see horses eat dirt or gnaw the walls to alleviate unpleasant feelings of this organ. But bad digestion and foul feeding are probably more often a consequence than a cause of this malady, and we observed that horses at all disposed to it may easily be led into it by the practices of the groom in cleaning them, of which we can have no doubt; for if they clean them before the manger, and irritate them with too severe a comb, and in parts where they cannot endure it, they seize upon the manger for a counter-action to their sufferings, and in doing this they first get a habit of it, and which may afterwards extend to the removing of other pains or distressful feelings. By this means, and especially if the grooms, and some have a happy knack of this after every bite, put in a blow or stroke of the comb, when following each other in regular succession, they thus create a vice which may or may not continue afterwards, according to the situation or circumstances of the individual. Some are said to get it by imitation



of other horses: whether or not the same practices of the groom, applied to several horses in the same stable, should not be rather apprehended to be the true cause, we are not assured; but, in one instance, we think, we observed this satisfactorily enough to be the cause, though it passed for imitation.

*To prevent* the habit, it appears but reasonable, with regard to such horses as are inclined to it, always to turn them from the manger before they are cleaned, with their heads to the heel-posts, or indeed to clean them in the open air, and above all, to avoid as much as possible irritating those that have preternaturally thin and irritable skins, by too rough an iron comb, and also to break through any regular habit already induced of biting after each stroke of the comb, for they learn to do this at first only in the most sensible parts, as with the flanks, the inside of the thighs, the belly, &c.; but afterwards in every part on the slightest touch of the comb, or even at the sight of it. Some horses, it must be admitted, are truly difficult to clean, and many also are rendered more so than they need be, by inconsiderate rashness and ill-applied severity. To prevent these associated actions and mischief, proper precautions cannot be taken too early, for a habit of this kind once formed, is not easily afterwards to be subdued, even by great patience and well-judged measures.

*To cure* or break horses of this vice, is difficult: cutting off the end of the tongue has been resorted to by some as a cure for it; the soreness created by this means destroying the inclination to the trick for a time, when the habit once being interrupted, might or might not again return.

Another and more usual way with these horses is to buckle a strap tight about the neck, so tight as to prevent, by the restriction of the throat, the power of doing it, or, at any rate, to create sufficient uneasiness to disincline them to do it. Great care should be taken however in doing it, not to damage the trachea or larynx.

In concluding these remarks we may observe, that in the purchase and sale of horses this vice is not unfrequently a subject of litigation: should we venture to interpose an opinion on the question usually agitated on those occasions, whether a horse be unsound or not, or, in other words, returnable or not, with this defect, we should say, if the warranty extended to soundness only, the horse is not returnable, as horses are often sound with it as to going; but if vice is stated in the warranty, the horse is unquestionably returnable, as it may be ranked among the worst of them.

The jurisprudence of horse-buying and selling, or security from deception, has never yet attained to any thing like consistency in this, or any other country probably, and very contradictory decisions are often arrived at in these cases. A settling of this ticklish question is more than I can at present hope to accomplish; however, the following is what at the present moment appears to me equitable, and we leave it for future examination. A horse that is being curried with that abomination and scourge of the race, the sharp iron curry-comb, made without rule, and used without discretion, if a horse having this weapon aimed at his loins, or his flank, or inside of his thighs, expresses his aversion by seizing the manger, the wall, or the rope he is tied up with, between his teeth, such is not necessarily to



be esteemed a crib-biter, as very many horses do this, and without ever becoming crib-biters. But if such horse, on going into the stable, should practise this habit when no comb is touching him, or is in sight even, then such horse shall be deemed *returnable*, or is a deficient horse, having a vice which the warranty should not fail to include in it, and especially so if he throws his mouth very wide open, and sucks his wind, as he is then not only with a *vice*, but also in a fair way, by weakening his stomach, to become diseased, from a bad digestion of his food, and all its natural consequences.

The Arabians, whose horses have the finest and most glossy coats of any in the world, use only a little camel's or horse's dung grasped in the hand, or of straw, to clean them with, and all nearly may be done that is really necessary by a judicious use of it, or by hay-bands still more soft: and, we are assured, it would be much better often to let it go undone, rather than to irritate the animal to such a degree as to excite his violence, or create a miserable vice of this sort; for dirt even will fall off of itself if left, without much injury or inconvenience to the animal; that to be too tenacious about it in all cases is little less than a folly.

Where, however, the vice of crib-biting has taken place and has become a confirmed habit, there is no better way of breaking them of it, that we at present know of, than Yare's muzzle, formed of light thin plates of iron crossing each other at right angles nearly, and at the bottom of it, or next the lips, with two thin iron bars, parallel and nearly flat, and a little projecting. Now these will admit the lips through to take up hay or corn, but will not allow the teeth to come in contact with the manger. Having experienced the great utility of this apparatus, I assisted in procuring for him the silver medal of the Society of Arts about ten years since, in whose volumes a more particular account of it may be seen.

In Yare's apparatus, the above muzzle is sustained about the mouth of the animal, by the usual stable headstall; we should propose, however, a great improvement in its effects and office, by carrying the transverse, or occipital strap, to some distance from the base of the ears, and so not irritating them; and also, and which is worse, from the pithing place of the neck also, or the open space of the *Atlantal hiatus*, the tenderest and most fatal part of the whole horse; laying it rather upon the chine of the neck, or *Encolure*, as the French would call it, instead;—a system first observed upon by us, and more fully explained in the essay, *On the Bits of Horses*, and which we there shewed was also well understood in the more enlightened periods of the Greek and Roman empires.

BRACY CLARK, "On the Vices of Horses."

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## THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN TURF.

*To the Editor of the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.*

SIR :—No one can read your journals without being forcibly struck with the great increase of racing throughout the country, and the vast improvement of Race Horses, within the last six or eight years. It is true, these operations are spread over an immense space, and viewed singly, are not of a character to attract much public attention ; but when we see condensed on the same page, the transactions of the turf, from Louisiana to New York, and from Missouri to the Atlantic, we may form a conception, though imperfect, of the spirit which has been so widely diffused, favorable to an interest of great national importance.

I am aware there are those who profess to be sceptical of the benefits of public racing in improving the breed of horses ; but if all such are not convinced of their error, from the experience of other nations, and the evidences everywhere exhibited in our own happy land, nothing can convince them—not even the testimony of old Eclipse himself, if he should now rise from the dead and acknowledge his inferiority.

The English race horse is the unadulterated descendant of his oriental progenitor, imported from Arabia, Barbary, Persia, Turkey in Asia, &c., judiciously crossed, bred with the utmost care, and proved upon the course. His superiority is universally acknowledged, and the entire civilized world looks to that island for the most perfect animal of the horse kind that now walks the earth.

It may be new to some of your readers, but it is nevertheless a well attested historical fact, that all the European States, from Spain to Russia inclusive, have for many centuries—indeed long before the English—imported from Asia vast numbers of the very best coursers of both sexes and of the noblest strains, for the improvement of their native stock. The overland intercourse between Germany, France, &c., from the earliest periods of the Crusades, has greatly facilitated the introduction of pure oriental horses, and those countries availed themselves of these facilities to a much greater extent, and for a much longer period, than England. Besides, those countries are better adapted than England, from soil, climate, and cheapness of productions, for breeding the thorough-bred horse and improving the breed ; yet, at this day, they pay a voluntary tribute to England for their entire racing stock. The horses of no part of continental Europe can compare with the English thorough-bred, for any of the ordinary purposes of life, except for the slow and heavy draught. Of this they are fully sensible ; and being convinced of the value of an improved breed of horses, wealthy individuals all over the continent, and the governments of France, Belgium, Prussia, Austria, and many of the smaller German principalities, have established of late years extensive breeding studs, composed entirely of importations from Great Britain ; and it is the opinion of the writer, those countries always will be tributary to England, until they adopt the English system of improving the horse in the breeding stud, and trying him in the chase and over the course. Had these sports been established on the continent,

patronized and encouraged by the governments and the nobility, as in England, there is no reason to doubt the result would have been equally beneficial.

In travelling on the continent, you drag slowly along behind miserable sluggish cattle, looking like "hunted devils," though full of flesh, at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 6 miles an hour; whilst in England every coach is drawn by horses largely mixed with racing blood, at the rate of ten miles the hour, including the necessary stoppages for meals, &c. The same superiority is visible on the race course, in the chase, and on the road. If these facts are not conclusive of the good effects of public racing, then indeed the testimony of one rising from the dead would not convince the incredulous.

The superiority of the English over the American horses, is not so perceptible; indeed there are those, and good judges too, who stoutly maintain that our racing stock is equal to theirs. Ours are derived from theirs almost exclusively—especially our very best; and, as an important and most enterprising branch of the Anglo-Saxon family, Brother Jonathan's habits and peculiarities, occupations and pastimes, bear a close affinity, in all their prominent characteristics, to the English: consequently the sports of the Turf, extensively encouraged among us, have mainly contributed to the increase and improvement of the thorough-bred stock, or at least prevented its deterioration.

Recent importations have aroused a new spirit and excited increased competition among Breeders and Turfmen; and so far as appearances and the time of performance are evidence, there have been vast improvements of the stock within the last ten years. Indeed it may be affirmed, that the improvements have kept pace, *pari passu*, with the increase of racing; and scarcely a doubt remains that deterioration would as certainly follow the decline of the Turf.

I have assumed that a progressive improvement is visible in the whole blood stock of the country, and I believe a large majority will concur in that opinion; but if it should prove to be erroneous, then indeed the strict utilitarian would deprive the devotees of the Turf of one of the strongest arguments in favor of those noble and manly sports. We maintain that they unite great public benefit and an exalted patriotism, with a most healthful and exhilarating pastime. In the investigation of this question, it is to be regretted that the data from which an estimate of the early performances on the Turf in England is to be formed, are involved in such obscurity that it is impossible, at this day, to demonstrate beyond all cavil the correctness of my position; for it will be again and again affirmed by the ignorant and the thoughtless, that Flying Childers, more than a hundred years ago, ran a mile in a minute, and no horse of these degenerate times can do much over half that distance in the same time. There is no authenticated report in any book, that Flying Childers could do that; and no well informed person ever believed that any horse or other animal could achieve such a performance. The idea originated from a casual remark, that "*it was said he could run at the rate of a mile in a minute;*" but even this, loose and indefinite as it is, was never considered in any other light than as an extravagant supposition. Flying Childers was doubtless the best horse of his day; and if full credit is given to two of his races in 1721, which are recorded in



manuscript among the chronicles of Newmarket, his performances excelled any thing of modern days.

Timing races has never entered into the economy of the Turf as part of the English system of racing, though it is confessedly the only test (fallacious as it is) of comparing the present with the past. The modern Turfman is too much of a speculative character to regard the performances of horses of the olden time as worthy of imitation; he rather contents himself with the less glorious—the more profitable achievement of vanquishing his contemporaries: yet there are many respectable individuals in some way connected with the Turf, and attentive observers of its operations, who have kept private memoranda of the most remarkable events, and, among other things, have noted the time of numerous races, where it had been accurately ascertained. The writer, in his frequent visits to Newmarket, became acquainted with old Robson, the retired trainer (lately deceased), whose father, Thomas Robson, from the middle till near the end of the last century, was trainer for Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Claremont, Mr. Jenison Shaftoe, Lord Grosvenor, &c. &c., all distinguished and spirited Turfmen, and staunch supporters of the sport, in that glorious era of the British Turf. Robson the elder, besides being a highly respectable and strictly upright man, was an unrivalled trainer, and seems to have conducted every thing with that kind of clock-work regularity and system which characterizes every important branch of business, and even pervades the pleasures and pastimes of the British. He kept a journal in which he made daily memoranda of every thing worthy of observation, respecting his own stable while in training, and of remarkable events on the Turf in general. Of his private trials he seems to have kept a very full and systematic record, noting accurately the state of the weather, the condition of the ground, the health and condition of each horse, the weight carried in trials, the pace, the manner of riding, the distance one horse beat another, their relative positions on different parts of the ground, and, generally, such facts as would enable him to judge of the peculiar qualities of each, whether for speed, stoutness, courage, &c. &c.; and, wherever it was practicable, the time of every horse in the trial run. With him, then, time was considered an important feature in racing, affording evidence of no small value in estimating the powers of a horse; and he uniformly kept the time both of public and private running, as nearly as it could be ascertained. From this interesting and most instructive diary, and that of the younger Robson, who retired in 1827 or 1828, at an advanced age, the writer made numerous extracts of turf transactions, the most of which he has never seen published either in the Racing Calendars or Sporting Magazines.

Under an appropriate head, "*Remarkable Time in racing,*" may be found in the above-mentioned MS., a brief note of two races said to have been run by Flying Childers in 1721, but no authority is referred to, or any opinion expressed of the accuracy of the report. It runs thus:—

1721.—*Flying Childers*, 6 yrs., 128 lbs, ran the R. C. in..... 6m. 48 sec.  
Also the B. C., same weight, in..... 7m. 30 sec.

The Round Course at that time was three miles three quarters and



ninety-three yards; and if it were run in 6:48, it would be equal to running four miles in 7:09.

The Beacon Course was then, as now, four miles one furlong and one hundred and thirty-eight yards; being gone over in 7:30, is equal to running four miles in 7:08. The coincidence in the time of running these two races—one at the rate of 7:09, and the other of 7:8, for four miles—is worthy of observation, and entitles the performance to a degree of credibility which otherwise might not be yielded to it.

The R. C. is the only one at Newmarket where the race can be accurately timed: but the B. C., the start being four miles from the end, can only be timed by means of flags and telescopes, by which a tolerable view can be had of the start, from the top of the Duke's stand near the end. Therefore the coincidence in the time of the two races helps each other, and renders the account probable. The same diary notices another race during the early days of the elder Robson, which throws an additional share of probability upon the performance of Flying Childers. It runs as follows:

"1755—*Matchem*, 6 yrs., 119 lbs., beat *Trajan*, same age and weight, match, B. C., in 7m. 20 sec."

Which is ten seconds short of Flying Childers' time, but the weight is 9 lbs. less; but the weight of this case is somewhat neutralized by a race over the R. C. in 1756, in which *Spectator*, 6 yrs., 126 lbs., beat *Matchem* and others in 7:40.

Here we have *Matchem* running the B. C. in 7:20, equal to four miles in 6:58,—and the next year we see him beat over the R. C. in 7:40, or at the rate of 8:18 for four miles; but as a 7 yr. old he would have had to carry for this last race 131 lbs., whereas in his match the year previous he only carried 119 lbs., which is very low for a 6 year old.

Leaving Flying Childers, for the present, "alone in his glory," unrivalled and unapproachable, except in the questionable case of *Matchem*, we pass on to a period when racing at long distances, principally matches for heavy sums, was in the highest repute, during the time of the elder Robson, who recorded for the most part his own observations, which, in the absence of public records, may be considered as good authority.

The following races were partly private trials and partly public:

1765.—May 7. Trial over the B. C., 5 yrs. 112 lbs., 6 and aged 119 lbs.—*Cardinal Puff*, *Bragger*, and *Omnium*, ran the distance in 8m. 22 sec.

May 9. Same Course, same weights.—*Flylax*, *Specimen*, *Herald*, *Broomstick*, and *Curiosity*, ran it in 8m. 19 sec.

1768.—October 15. 4 yrs. 98 lbs., 5 yrs. 119 lbs., aged 138 lbs.—*Goldfinder*, *Caliban*, and *Askham*, ran the distance in 8m. 5 sec.

*Bellario*, 5 yrs. 122 lbs., ran the B. C. in 9m. 1 sec.

*Jethro*, 4 yrs. 112 lbs., ..... 9m. 5 sec.

1769.—*Petrucio*, *Hemp*, *Caliban*, and *Exotic*, ran the B. C. in 8m. 46 sec.

*Goldfinder*, *Petrucio*, *Poacher*, and *Pacolet*, (4 yrs. 93 lbs. and beat a long way,) ran the B. C. in 8m. 49 sec.

1770.—*Goldfinder*, 6 yrs. 123 lbs., won a race, B. C., in 8m. 29 sec.

Here we have eight races over the Beacon Course, four miles one furlong and one hundred and thirty-eight yards, the average of time being 8:37 for that distance, which is equal to an average of 8:12 for four miles, with the comparatively light weights of the day.

N. B.—*Goldfinder* won fifteen prizes, was never beaten, was the

best horse of his year, and belonged to Mr. Shaftoe, who was one of the most spirited and successful sportsmen of his time.

The racing at York about this period, was generally not so good as that at Newmarket; but there were two performances, in 1764 and 1766, which caused great rejoicing and exultation at the time, as the most extraordinary that had ever before been run in the North of England; viz.:—

1764.—Beaupemont, 6 yrs., 119 lbs., won the Great Subscription Stakes at York, in 7m. 51 sec.; the quickest time (then) ever made over that Course.

1766.—Bay Malton, 6 yrs., 119 lbs., won the same Stakes, over the same Course, in 7m 43½ sec. Distance, three miles three quarters and two hundred and forty-four yards,—196 yards short of four miles.

The above, be it remembered, are the best known performances of the crack horses of those days, and have been selected from a vast number of others on account of their great and surpassing excellence and the magnitude of the events.

Now, for the purpose of presenting a comparison of the above with modern horses, we will skip over a period of fifty years, and come directly to the point by giving the following well-attested races for the Royal Plate, over the Round Course at Newmarket, which at this day measures three miles four furlongs and one hundred and eighty-seven yards.

1821.	Caroline, f. ....	3 yrs.	116 lbs., .....	7:18
1822.	Luss, filly, .....	4 "	130 " .....	7:34
"	Centaur, .....	4 "	144 " (match) .....	7:44
1823.	Centaur, .....	5 "	154 " (plate) .....	7:30
"	Hampden, .....	4 "	144 " .....	7:03
1824	Premium, .....	4 "	147 " .....	7:18
1825.	Double Entendre, .....	4 "	147 " .....	7:40
1829,	Souvenir, f. ....	4 "	130 " .....	6:57½
"	Cadland, .....	4 "	147 " .....	7:10
1830.	Joso, f. ....	5 "	136 " .....	6:48
"	Gayhurst, .....	4 "	147 " .....	6:59
1831.	Lucetta, f. ....	4 "	130 " .....	6:45
"	Shumla, .....	4 "	147 " (2d heat,) .....	6:57
1832.	Priam, .....	4 "	154 " .....	7:00
"	Lucetta, .....	5 "	136 " .....	8:00
1834.	Vespa, .....			7:23
"	Little Red Rover, .....			7:30
"	Oscar, .....			7:25
1835.	Revelry, .....			7:30
1836.	Hornsea, .....			6:59
1837.	Pussy, .....			6:44
"	Venison, .....			7:03

Averaging 7:14 for three miles four furlongs and one hundred and eighty-seven yards, which is equal to 8:01 for four miles.

It will be observed that these are not selected races, but taken in the order they come, the time being noted by an individual who saw each race and kept the time. The weights for the Plates over the R. C. are very high, four-year-old fillies carrying 130 lbs. in running for those Plates, which are exclusively for mares; four year old colts 147 lbs., and so on weight for age.

Again: It is worthy of remark, that these Plate races being only for £100, over a long course, with high weights, are by far the least attractive events of any Newmarket meeting, and are generally decided without much competition: consequently good horses seldom

come together in those contests, nor do such often go for a Plate if they expect a sharp contest. Were these races sporting affairs which bring out large fields of good horses,—in which horses could either increase their celebrity or earn money,—the result as to time, there is reason to believe, would be very different. The writer recollects holding his watch to Hornsea, on the 1st of October, 1836, (making the time seven minutes,) which he won without an effort on any part of the ground, being opposed by two inferior horses, and the betting any thing you might ask on him, whose winning was considered a certainty, without a casualty.

Now let these be compared with those which took place fifty years previously, and the vast improvement cannot fail to strike every sportsman with an astonishment almost amounting to incredulity; yet here are the facts as plainly set down, and as conclusive, as if each had seen these things with his own eyes. The former were the best performances of the period, selected from the mass on account of their great superiority,—the latter, as we have seen, were the most common every-day events, attracting but little interest, and conferring no distinction upon the winner; yet, in contrasting the two, we find the latter vastly superior to the former.

In drawing the parallel, the first thing which attracts the attention of the American turfman, is the time—the average of the first being at the rate of eight minutes twelve seconds for four miles—the average of the latter, eight minutes one second, the same distance. Then, look at the weights carried formerly, 119 to 123 lbs. generally for 6 yr. olds,—now, 4 yr. olds carry 147 lbs., and 6 yr. olds 166 lbs.; a difference of 43 to 47 lbs., which, in a four mile race, is beyond the power of figures to adjust, and can only be determined by a long and systematic course of experiments; but every practical and experienced turfman knows very well how to estimate the effect of weight in running long races.

While on this subject, it may be interesting to your readers, especially breeders of blood stock, to extend the parallel, and from the best authentic data, contrast the American and English racers of the present day, with each other. Owing to the absence of official timing of races in England, we will confine our parallel to the R. C. at Newmarket, nearly four miles, and the St. Leger Course at Doncaster, nearly two miles, both of which can be accurately timed, and generally there are persons who make it a point to ascertain the time, and report it for the public journals; though not with the same accuracy as this duty would be performed under the direction of the Stewards, yet it is the nearest approximation to the truth attainable, and probably sufficiently near to render the comparison we propose drawing, quite conclusive on the point of superiority.

We have seen above, that the average time of twenty-two races over the R. C., was at the rate of eight minutes one second for four miles,—weights, 4 yr. olds, 147 lbs.; 5 yr., 161 lbs.; 6 yrs., 166 lbs. aged 168 lbs.

By referring to the table of winning horses, four mile heats, 1838, in the United States, it will be found that the average of forty-one races, taking the best heat in each race, over the most popular courses, where the purse or prize was \$1000 or more, was 8:12½;

the usual weights, 4 yr. olds 100 lbs.; 5 yrs., 110 lbs.; 6 yrs., 118 lbs. All that has been said above as to the inferiority of the Plate-running, and the high weights, will apply with recuperative force in this instance, when the very best performances in America have been selected for the comparison; but then, due allowance must be made for the shortness of the Course (little more than  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles), and the absence of heats. As it stands, it appears that an English Plater, 4 yrs. old, with 147 lbs., ordinarily runs at the rate of 8:01 for four miles; while it takes the average of American horses, of the same age, to go the same distance, carrying but 100 lbs., 8:12 $\frac{1}{4}$ .

Now for the two mile parallel. The most important race in all England—we might say, in all the world—is the great Doncaster St. Leger; and from the spirited competition, the large subscription, the vast amount depending, and the severity of the work, eminently entitles the winner to the first rank of his year. This race can be, and generally is, timed; but the reports are very variant, and we beg leave to remark, that the list before us is in every instance the longest time—indeed the variation in some instances is from 5 to 7 seconds.

The distance is one mile three quarters and one hundred and thirty-two yards—308 yards short of two miles; with a sharp hill and a heavy course. Weight, 3 yr. olds colts, 118 lbs.; fillies, 115 lbs.

1822. Theodore's	time	-----	3:26
1823. Barefoot's	"	-----	3:23
1824. Jerry's	"	-----	3:29
1825. Memnon's	"	-----	3:23
1826. Farrare's	"	-----	3:26
1827. Matilda's, f.	"	-----	3:24
1829. Rowton's	"	-----	3:35
1833. Rockingham's	"	-----	3:38
1834. Touchstone's	"	-----	3:16
1835. Queen of Trumps'	"	-----	3:23
1836. Elis'	"	-----	3:20

The average of the above eleven races, is 3:26 for the St. Leger Course, or equal to 3:45 $\frac{3}{4}$  for two miles.

By turning to the American list of winning horses, two mile heats, 1838, we will find forty-nine races, over the most popular courses, where the purse was \$500 or upwards, taking the best heat in each race, average time 3:57 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; 3 yr. olds, 86 lbs.; 4 yrs., 100 lbs.; 5 yrs., 110 lbs.; 6 yrs., 118 lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lbs. From this it would appear that the average rate of a St. Leger winner, carrying 118 lbs., is twelve seconds less, in two miles, than an American 3 yr. old with only 86 lbs.; a difference of 32 lbs. in weight, and twelve seconds in time, in favor of the English.

Let these statements be examined, the books searched, and the calculations proved (for errors may have crept in), and if upon deliberate and unbiased reflection, the deductions which we have made from the data cannot be denied or controverted; then let those, if any there be, who believe that they have reached the top round of the ladder in the scale of improvement, acknowledge their error and join the onward career, until the racing annals shall attest that the Americans have no superior in the breed of the

BLOOD HORSE.



## HOW TO BUY A HORSE.\*

BY AN AMATEUR.

## ON THE DEFECTS OF HORSES—CONTINUED.

I HAVE now to speak of *blemishes about the legs* of various descriptions. Those most frequently met with are broken knees and marks of cauterisation. A badly broken knee never fails to leave a mark, and very generally some swelling, by which it is easily detected; but there are cases where the hurt received has been so slight that scarcely any scar is observable. In these last cases, however, the hair growing over the injured part almost always is slightly curled, and, where you observe this appearance, take up the horse's leg, bend the knee, and rub the hair back, when you will frequently be able to detect a scar which various applications, as ointments of different colors, may have contributed to conceal. Some horses in falling may receive scars on the nose and some part of the head; but these are such inveterate tumblers as generally to leave pretty evident proofs of their propensity to kiss Mother Earth without giving you much trouble to seek for them. This fault sometimes becomes a habit, and may arise from a bad formation of the shoulders and fore legs, from bad riding, bad action, or tender feet; but when a horse breaks his knees purely by accident, of course an endless variety of causes may produce such a catastrophe. You must remark, when the scar is very slight, and you disregard it, whether the horse be weak and groggy on his fore legs—that is, if the knees and fetlocks appear to bend and give way under him, and if his legs be puffy and shew much signs of work. You must then examine the formation of the foot, and look also if he have a bad thrush (of which I shall speak presently), rotten frogs, or any other sign of tender feet, which may have occasioned him to tumble. Examine afterwards his action, and see if there be anything in that to account for his fall; and wherever you find the fault to exist, attribute the accident to that and that only, without paying the very slightest regard to the account which the dealer will never fail to give of it, provided he find that he cannot bully you into the belief that the horse has never broken his knees at all.

Whenever you find fault with a horse, a dealer's first care is to put forward an opinion completely opposite to yours, to see if you know anything about the matter. Thus if you say, "I think this horse turns his toes *in*, and is hollow-backed;" it is ten to one but the reply is, "Turns 'em *in*, do you? well *I* thinks now, if anything, he turns 'em *out*; and as for being hollow-backed, he is no more hollow-backed than you are; but his rump's so precious covered with muscle that he may seem so to them that isn't a judge." Of course, if you are not in the habit of dealing with these gentry, you think a horse-jockey's judgment must be as good as your own, and you are therefore disposed to give way a little; so that a medium being drawn between the two opinions, the horse neither turns his toes in nor out, but stands pretty straight; and if his back appear a little hollow, it is not sufficiently so to be considered a fault. So with respect to broken

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knees, the accounts of the accident are various. If you want the horse for harness or the road, "he is a mettlesome nag, and struck his knee agin the manger while he was being cleaned;" if for a hunter, "he jist touched the top of a turnpike gate, or a six-feet wall, that Jem Somebody, when he was drunk, rid him over at night for a wager." If you really are a good judge of a horse, never ask any questions at all respecting one you are examining; and if the dealer perceive that you go scientifically to work in this matter, you will have the full history of your nag respecting every blemish and fault which you appear to criticise without the trouble of asking anything about him. Having heard, but at the same time paid no attention to the owner's oratory, which flows as glibly as that of a raree-showman, draw your own conclusions respecting the horse, and either say he will not suit you, or, if you are in doubt upon that point, take care to have a good trial ere you put him into your own stable.

Of the marks left by the actual cautery I need say but little; for though the operation of firing is so carefully, and at the same time occasionally so slightly, performed as not to leave any very perceptible trace (particularly where the cauterized part is well covered over by the hair from above), yet a sufficient blemish will invariably result from the application of a hot iron, to be easily detected with a very little inspection of the part. Many horses fired for a variety of causes are by this operation rendered perfectly sound; but, in such instances, the blemish is not alone to be taken into consideration; you must observe narrowly for what disease a horse has been fired, and then judge whether, though sound on trial, he is likely to remain so on being brought into the work for which you require him. Experience alone can enable you to form anything like a correct judgment on this point; but it is as well to remember, that, in the modern practice of Veterinary Surgery, the actual cautery is only resorted to after all minor means of cure have failed; and, therefore, a fired horse may very fairly be set down as having, at one time or another, been the subject of some disease or accident of a grave nature. Formerly great numbers of horses were fired for complaints which other remedies of a less powerful nature have since been found of sufficient efficacy to remove; indeed, so far was this practice carried, that many young racers used to have a hot iron run round the hocks with a view to tightening the ligaments and strengthening the joints. It is almost needless to say that such a method of counteracting Nature in her work is now never resorted to, unless there be some actual disease going on which imperiously demands the application of a remedy which only cures by disfiguring. If a horse be fired across the back sinews, he has probably either strained them desperately, or has been stubbed there while hunting, or met with some other accident productive of an enlargement which nothing short of the hot iron could reduce. If fired just above the coronet, he has probably had some long-continued lameness of the foot, and cauterisation has been practised as a *pis-aller*—that is, it has been tried as offering a *chance* of a cure. I know at this moment a favorite old hunter, that for the last four or five seasons has been regularly fired every year for foot-lameness, and the operation invariably cures him for a time,

but his soundness never lasts long. I have likewise seen a mare fired across the knee for the purpose of reducing a very large callus, the result of a severe fall. In this case the iron has evidently not been applied for any disease, but merely on account of an accident which has occasioned a greater disfigurement than is likely to result from the application of a hot iron.

The first question to ask yourself on examining such horses is "for what purpose are they required?" If for slow farm-work on soft ground, they may possibly do very well, even though it may be doubtful if their legs will stand battering on the road. In such cases, a very good and serviceable horse, with a bad blemish, may do you as much work as an unscarred one that will cost ten times more money; therefore no rule can be laid down for estimating the value of such an animal, excepting that you may always safely bid but a very small sum for a fired horse, especially if he appear to have been cauterised for any disease.

Those who, after reading these remarks, may chance to be asked a very long sum for a fired horse will probably think the seller either a confounded rogue, or suppose that I know very little about the value of horses thus blemished: but it must be remembered, that I speak of the generality of horses, and not of those that have acquired, in spite of the iron, a great reputation as hunters, racers, or steeple-chasers. For instance, Moonraker, Vivian, Railroad, and many other horses used for the purpose of running Steeple-chases, have all been badly fired, but yet would in this state have fetched probably from two to five hundred guineas each. These instances are exceptions to the general rule; and it should not be forgotten, that such horses are not frequently used, but are nursed up for one or two great occasions for the purposes of gambling, and whether they go lame or not for a time after running is not taken into consideration.

Among other blemishes about the fore legs, will, I believe, be found one called "Rats'-tails." I cannot say that I have myself ever noticed this complaint; but where it exists, its nature is that of some eruption, probably mangy, which destroys the hair in stripes along the leg, and somewhat similar in appearance to the tail of a rat.

Before I quit the subject of blemishes, I must not omit to mention one which it is of essential importance not to pass over. You will occasionally perceive the mark of a cut in the horse's leg, some inches in length, and a little behind and parallel to the shank bone just above the pastern. Where you see this, you may be pretty sure that the horse has been *nerved*—an operation which consists in cutting out a portion of the principal nerve of the leg for the purpose of destroying the sensation of the foot in cases of acute lameness of that part arising from incurable disease. In order to discover if you are right, run a pin into the skin above the coronet, and if the horse do not manifest any great degree of sensibility, set him down as having been nerved. You are of course not justified in doing this without very strong cause of suspicion, but the scar I have mentioned in fact is one. I have myself seen but very few nerved horses, but should suppose that the pastern joint and foot must be colder than-



natural : however, as I believe this is sometimes the case in rheumatism, the criterion is not one singly to be relied on. Nerved horses sometimes work well for years ; at others the hoof perishes and drops off ; therefore have *nothing whatever* to do with a horse that has undergone this operation, and you will save yourself the probable chance of having to rue your bargain.

We come now to the consideration of the foot—a most important point, and one requiring considerable scrutiny. In the first place, on examining a horse's foot, after having ascertained its position to be correct, remark if in front or at the sides the hoof be marked with circular depressions, running parallel to the coronet ; if so, fever of the foot, as severe inflammation of this part is sometimes called, has probably at one time or other taken place. This is not a sufficient cause of itself alone for rejecting a horse, but should lead you to pay particular attention in investigating the different points to be attended to in the examination of the foot. Secondly, look if you can perceive any difference in the size of the feet, viewed from before ; and afterwards, prior to lifting the leg, feel if the hoofs be perfectly and equally cool, and free from fissures running perpendicularly from the coronet towards the toe. Having satisfied yourself on these points, you may proceed to the examination of the sole and frog. First making the horse raise his leg, by tapping slightly with your hand on the back of the pastern, take hold of the hoof by letting the toe rest in your hand, and turn up the sole. This part, to be well formed, should describe with its rim or outer edge, as nearly as possible, three-fourths of a circle. The more the foot deviates from this form, the nearer does it approximate to that state called "a donkey hoof," becoming narrow, elongated, and contracted towards the heel and in the quarters, and consequently in very many cases incapable of affording free scope for the development of the internal parts of the hoof. These internal parts are of the very greatest consequence, being constituted of bones forming a joint, with ligaments and soft parts whose structure and functions are easily deranged. The sole itself should be concave, and the more it approaches to flatness, the more tender is the foot, as it must be more liable to concussion from its contact with hard substances. It is wonderful how differently horses with flattish soles will go when ridden on turf or soft ground compared with their action on the road. This flat state of the hoof too is an indication that the internal parts, being elsewhere compressed, have acquired room by pressing down the sole, which, from this cause, is sometimes rendered actually convex, or *pummiced*, as it is called. The frog, which is at the back part of the sole, and projects inwards and forwards, somewhat in the shape of the letter V, should project a little beyond the hoof, but scarcely so deep as the shoe, so as to take off the concussion produced by striking upon hard substances, and should be of a spongy, elastic nature, to admit of the spreading of the heel, by which sufficient room is allowed for the expansion and play of the internal parts. In examining the sole and frog, press firmly upon them with your thumb, and you will thus perceive if the first be very thin, and if either be particularly sensitive. A sole that appears shelly, that is, easily cracking and chipping off, is a fault ; and the same remark will apply



to the hoof generally. If the foot be properly pared, the sole should always be cut away so as to allow of its yielding slightly to strong pressure, by which freedom of action is allowed to the coffin bone and internal parts of the foot generally. A shelly state of the hoof may be induced by neglect on the part of those entrusted with the care of the horse, and a dry hoof, shewing a disposition to crack and split, very frequently becomes so from inattention. The proper mode of preventing and of curing a hoof of this description will be noticed when treating of stable management. When you find a horse's hoof in this dry brittle state, look narrowly for those cracks or fissures about the coronet or elsewhere (commonly on the inner quarter) to which I have already alluded, and which are termed "sand cracks." Besides indicating a very bad state of the hoof, they are extremely difficult to cure, and the fissure, when occupying the greater length of the foot, and particularly when involving the coronet, is seldom closed up in less than some months, during which period the horse is for the most part lame, and unfit to do hard work. In inspecting the shell of the foot, it is not sufficient merely to pass your hand round it, in the expectation of *feeling* a sand-crack, should there be one; for, generally speaking, those dealers who wish to pass off a horse with this complaint as sound, are in the habit of filling the crack with melted resin, which is afterwards scraped so as to be perfectly even with the horn; so that your hand will pass over the diseased part without feeling any difference between it and the rest of the hoof. If the foot be taken up and carefully inspected, the resin will be detected, even though a coating of tar and oil be generally rubbed over the hoof to make it of a uniform appearance.

Sometimes a little matter may be seen issuing from a small opening about the coronet. This frequently arises from a severe injury of the foot, either by pricks in shoeing, stubs, or similar causes, and denotes the formation of pus within the foot which has made its way out through the soft parts. The complaint is called a *quittor*, and produces lameness, which is frequently protracted for a considerable period.

Having examined the state of the horny part of the foot, your next care must be to inspect the frog. This is the seat of the disease called "the thrush," to which I have already adverted. Where the feet have not been particularly well attended to, they are extremely liable to this complaint: but a person in the habit of examining a horse's foot will immediately detect it by its smell, for it has an uncommonly rank and fetid odour. The best way of discovering it is to press with both your thumbs upon the heel above the frog, when, if the thrush be a bad one, you will perceive a sort of matter oozing from the cleft in the frog, or from sinuses which perforate it. So many caustic applications, however, are used for drying up a thrush, that, even where a bad one exists, the appearance of matter on pressure may be wanting. You must then learn to judge of its actual existence both by the smell of the part, and also by carefully remarking if any portion of the frog be destroyed by disease; in which case you may fairly infer the existence either of a thrush, or of what is termed "a cancrus frog." In some cases nearly the whole of the frog is eaten away, and its ragged edges may alone remain. Proper

applications and due attention may enable you to remedy this state of the foot; but, unless you are well aware of its precise nature, and of the means of cure to be adopted, you may produce internal inflammation of the foot by suddenly stopping the discharge, and thereby do great mischief. A horse in this state, therefore, is generally a bad bargain, for the diseased part is very tender, and consequently he never steps with confidence, and is liable to fall suddenly if a sharp stone touch his frog. I had once the best little Irish hack I ever crossed, who came down in an instant from a flint sticking into a thrush of the off-foot. He broke both his knees, and rather alarmed a friend of mine who was riding him. It is my maxim when a thing is done not to make any lamentations about it, since it is then past recalling, but to manage it the best way I can; and though I should have been greatly mortified had I known my little horse was destined to break his knees, still, after they had been broken, I forthwith considered that I had bought a broken-knee'd horse, and was to do the best I could with him. I soon cured his knees in a highly respectable manner, and, although not more than fourteen hands and a half in height, he turned out such a hunter that I was shortly after bid *by a farmer* ten pounds more than I had given for him before his accident, and he has since been sold for more money. This liability of horses, with bad thrushes, to fall, if the diseased part be pricked or bruised, renders them rather unsafe to ride; and yet, in spite of this fact, you very rarely find a person refuse to purchase a horse merely because he has a thrush, unless indeed it be an extremely bad one, and the frog be very rotten. The reason is this: in the first place, every one is apt to flatter himself he can cure a thrush; and in the next, if not cured, it can be remedied by shoeing the horse with leather soles, which guard his foot from injury. Altogether, then, this complaint is one which, if not in a very bad state, need not deter you from purchasing a horse good in other respects; but, at the same time, get something taken off his price on account of it, for many veterinary surgeons will not give a warranty of soundness with a horse who has thrushes.

When a thrushy horse is shod with leather, the foot should first be stopped with tow saturated with a composition made of tar and turpentine. The latter being the greater stimulant of the two, its quantity should be increased according to the degree of action in the diseased part. Some people prefer shoes made with a thin iron sole to leather. Between the iron and the foot is inserted a lamb's wool pad (which any one may make by simply drying the skin of a newly-flayed lamb, and moistening the wool with a strong solution of alum water to prevent its separating from the skin). The wool, when cut to the form of the sole, forms an excellent pad for applying stopping of any kind to the feet, as it retains a great deal of moisture for a considerable time.

Corns are another foot evil to which many horses are extremely liable. They generally arise from pressure made by some portion of the shoe, and consequently are frequently not very perceptible unless the shoe be removed, especially where they are made very broad. Corns generally arise near the heel, therefore, whenever you perceive a more than usual portion of the foot cut away in this situation, you

may suspect the existence of this complaint. As it is one, which, at any rate every now and then, will render a horse lame, it behoves you to watch carefully the action and motions of a horse having this complaint. You may frequently notice that a horse with a corn will rest the affected foot, and, instead of standing firmly on the ground, will raise the heel somewhat and stand upon the toe, thus denoting the existence of considerable tenderness of the part. A corn too, especially a bad one, will commonly cause a horse to shuffle in his gait, instead of putting his foot firmly to the ground; and a judge of this species of action will, on seeing it, immediately be able to pronounce a horse to have this evil, more particularly if flat feet or other causes of tenderness are not to be descried. The safe plan is, therefore, to get the shoe taken off the suspected foot, and the corn, which is indicated by a reddish appearance of the hoof, will become visible. Do not buy a horse for the saddle that has bad corns; they are a great grievance, are very seldom completely removed, and, moreover, constantly cripple a horse's action to such a degree as not only to render it extremely unpleasant to his rider, but frequently even dangerous, causing him to put the toe to the ground first, and thereby occasioning that worst of faults, stumbling.

Many people will tell you that corns are very easily cured, and that the application of a hot iron or some caustic preparation will infallibly remove them in a short period. If a man who has a horse in this state to sell endeavors to persuade you of this, I need hardly say that his having neglected to put so simple a practice into execution with success must at once convince you of the fallibility of the plan, since by eradicating the disease the value of the horse would have been greatly increased. Once more, judge for yourself, and do not allow your reason to be led astray by the assertions of an interested person. When a man who knows but little about a horse enters a dealer's yard with money in his pocket, and a wish to buy a horse, the chances are greatly in favor of his coming out with very little cash, and a nag, from which he may, if he please, glean a great deal of experience; and this is the only "flattering unction he can lay to his soul."

I have already spoken of the proper formation of the foot of the horse, and the nearer it approaches to this shape, the better, *ceteris paribus*, will it be. Now, having been told this, you will be surprised to learn, that, in consequence of early and perhaps careless shoeing, hard work, and other causes, not one horse's foot in fifty actually presents the appearance it would do if left entirely to Nature. It is, therefore, a most difficult affair for a novice to decide, from what he may have read, whether a foot, deviating perhaps considerably from the circular form, be really in a healthy state or not. I have described in my previous article [published in the last number of the "Register,"] as well as I am able, the appearance of those feet which may be trusted, albeit differing widely from the shape which Nature has assigned it.



## MEMOIR OF LADY CLIFDEN.

THE distinguished race nag, the subject of this Memoir, was bred by Gen. THOMAS EMORY, of Queen Anne's Co., on the Eastern shore of Maryland. She was foaled at his residence, Poplar Grove, on the 15th day of May, 1833. This gentleman inherits the taste of the ancient Marylander, and, amidst the numerous duties devolving on him from various offices held from time to time under the State, has found leisure to rear up a stud of some of the purest and best bloods Maryland, in the palmiest days of her racing career, ever boasted. Among these, LADY CLIFDEN, by reason of her brilliant performances, the fame of which has extended to Old England, justly claims precedence. She having now retired from the Turf, never to grace it more, it is due alike to her, to her numerous admirers, and to her expected offspring, that some more permanent record should be given to the feats performed by her, and which challenged, at the time, the wonder and admiration of every son of the Turf.

Lady Clifden was got by Sussex, out of Betsey Willson by Ratray, and in her veins mingle the blood of Imp. Figure, Lloyd's Traveller, Lindsey's Arabian, Ogle's Oscar, Imp. Clifden, Bedford, Sir Harry, Sir Charles, Sussex, and, "crowning all," Old Archy himself. Her pedigree in full will be found recorded in the "Turf Register," vol. vi., page 423. She is perhaps two inches over fifteen hands high, is of bright chesnut color, and is beautifully marked on her forehead and on her far hind foot, with white. Her chest is very capacious, well ribbed out, giving free play to the lungs, and she has the loin of Sir Harry, which judges, in his day, said could not be surpassed. Her countenance is mild and placid, and her eye, when excited, bright as the gazelle's. Gentle and playful as a kitten, in the stable she was the favorite of all the stable-boys, and on the Turf always exacted the utmost enthusiasm in her behalf.

She made her first appearance on the Turf, at Kendall's Race Course, near Baltimore, in the Spring of 1836, in a sweepstakes, which resulted as follows:—

<i>Baltimore, Md., Kendall Course, May 27, 1836—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subscribers at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats</i>			
Gen. T. Emory's ch. f. <i>Lady Clifden</i> , by Sussex, out of Betsey Willson .....	2	1	1
Wm. L. White's ch. c. <i>Cash</i> , by Carolinian .....	1	2	2
P. Wallis' gr. f. <i>Molinera</i> , by Medley, out of Algerina .....	dist.		
Time, 1:55—1:58—2:08.			

It had rained with little intermission for three weeks, and it was raining during all the time of the race, and the course was deep and heavy. "Lady Clifden lost 20 yards in the start on the first heat, and only lost the heat by 12 inches. In the second heat she lost 10 yards, and half way round lapped Cash, and side by side they came to the judge's stand—the heat being adjudged to her by five inches. The third heat she got off fairly, took the lead, and maintained it easily to the end.

Being engaged in no other stakes this Spring, she was taken home and turned out. She next appeared at

<i>Easton, Talbot Co., Md., Sept. 21, 1836—Purse \$200, free for all ages, Two mile heats.</i>			
Gen. T. Emory's ch. f. <i>Lady Clifden</i> , by Sussex, out of Betsey Willson, 3 yrs. 83lbs.....	1	1	
E. Martin's b. c. <i>Duke of Oxford</i> , by John Richards, dam by Chance Medley, 3 yrs. 86lbs.	2	2	
Time, 4:06—4:07. No contest.			



She was then taken to the Central Course, near Baltimore, where she was entered for a heavy sweepstakes; but with no expectation of starting her, as her leg had been accidentally blistered, and for three weeks before the race was to come off her exercises had to be discontinued. Finding her to have improved very much, on the day before the race, it was determined to start her, and as the track was very soft from long-continued rain, but little danger was apprehended from it:—

*Baltimore, Md., Central Course, Oct. 18, 1836*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before.

Four subs. at \$1000 each, \$250 ft. Two mile heats.

Gen. T. Emory's ch. f. <i>Lady Clifden</i> , by Sussex, out of Betsey Willson.....	3	2	1	1
Maj. J. M. Selden's ch. c. <i>Red Rat</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal.....	0	1	2	2
Capt. R. F. Stockton's b. c. <i>Cumberland</i> , by Star, dam by Shylock.....	0	dist.		
Col. John Heth's ch. f. <i>Charlotte Russe</i> , Own Sister to Trifle.....	pd.	ft.		

Time, 4:16—4:17—4:21—4:21.

This was a very game race. The track was very heavy. The first a dead heat between Red Rat and Cumberland; Lady Clifden not running for it.—The second heat was decided by the judges in favor of Red Rat, by a few inches.—The third heat was won handily by Lady Clifden, and so was the fourth. It rained hard the day and night before, and also on the morning of the race.

Lady Clifden next appeared at Kendall's Course, in the Spring of 1837—

*Baltimore, Md., Kendall Course, May 10, 1837*—Purse \$400, ent. \$20, free for all ages, Three mile heats.

Gen. T. Emory's ch. f. <i>Lady Clifden</i> , by Sussex, out of Betsey Willson, 4 yrs. 97lbs.....	1	1
J. B. Kendall's b. h. <i>Pythias</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Buzzard, 5 yrs. 110lbs.....	3	2
Col. F. Thompson's gr. c. <i>Isaac of York</i> , by Sir Charles, out of Ninon de L'Euclos, 4 yrs. 100 lbs.....	2	dr

Time, 5:45—5:55.

It was this race that first gave Lady Clifden reputation. The ease with which she won the first heat, beating Isaac of York, a very fleet horse, in a brush, and coming out about three lengths ahead, with evidently something in hand, running the heat in what was *then* considered very short time, established her as a race nag of speed—and, taken in connection with her previous performance at the Central Course,—also of bottom. Isaac of York being drawn, the second heat was won almost without a contest—Lady Clifden taking the lead, and maintaining it to the end.

After the race, Gen. Emory sold her racing qualities to Cols. W. R. JOHNSON and J. M. SELDEN, for \$2000,—and she passed into the stable of "Old Napoleon," who took her to the Central Course, and started her next week for the Craig Plate.

*Baltimore, Md., Central Course, May 17, 1837*—CRAIG PLATE, value \$500, free for all ages, Two mile heats.

Col. J. M. Selden's ch. f. <i>Lady Clifden</i> , by Sussex, 4 yrs. 97lbs.....	1	1
Col. J. Heth's b. m. <i>Margaret Amistead</i> , by Imp. Apparition, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs. 107lbs.....	2	2
J. R. Thomson's (Capt. Stockton's) ch. h. <i>Middlesex</i> , by Sir Charles, out of Powancey by Alfred, 4 yrs. 100lbs.....	dist.	

Time, 3:52—3:56.

Lady Clifden was the favorite at 100 to 70 against the field; and she won the race easily. John Hartman, who rode her, having received orders to make it as fine as possible, pulled her back each heat, and won it hard in hand.

Lady Clifden was then taken on to Camden, with the intention of starting her for the four mile purse. The weather proved very inauspicious, and it was with reluctance she was entered by Col. Johnson; she was, however, entered against Mingo, 'the champion of the North,' and Decatur, who had gathered laurels by beating, the previous week,

at the Central Course, Atalanta and Cippus in the four mile race—the Course being very heavy, and from the style in which he won the race, establishing Decatur as a “mud horse!”

Camden, N. J., May 26, 1837—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, free for all ages, Four mile heats.  
 Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. f. *Lady Clifden*, by Sussex, out of Betsey Willson, 4 yrs. 101lbs 1 2 1  
 Col. J. Heth's ch. c. *Decatur*, by Henry, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, 4 yrs. 104lbs. 3 1 2  
 Gen. C. Irvine's b. h. *Mingo*, by Eclipse—Bay Bet by Thornton's Rattler, 6 yrs 121lbs. 2 dist.  
 Time, 9:03—9:07—9:17.

The track was in the worst possible order, being knee-deep in many parts of it, and was made on the back stretch of stiff mud. Bets, 5 to 4 on Mingo against the field, and 2 to 1 against either of the others. The first heat was won by Lady Clifden, after a beautiful struggle with Mingo; Decatur merely running to save his distance. On the back stretch she stumbled two or three times in the stiff mud, where Mingo always passed her; but on the better portions of the track she soon regained her ground, and won the heat handily. The second heat was won by Decatur easily, by several lengths; Mingo was stopped in the third mile, having tired down in the clay. Bets were now 10 to 1 on Decatur, one of which bets Col. Johnson took himself, \$100 to \$1000, on ascertaining from Arthur Tayler that he had girted the filly very tight, fearful that her saddle would slip if she made many such stumbles as had occurred in the first heat. This circumstance of girting the filly too tight, it was believed at the time, lost Lady Clifden the heat. Due precaution was taken the next heat, and Lady Clifden took the lead and maintained it to the end, coming in at her ease two lengths ahead. The time in this race shows long; but those who were present that day at Camden, and took the trouble of looking at the track—such a track!—ankle deep in stiff mud, and the horses in danger every jump of sticking, as Mingo really did in the third mile of the second heat,—only wonder that it was not longer. It was the severest test of a horse's ability to travel in a quagmire, ever before or since exhibited on a race course. It threw Lady Clifden entirely off her foot, and she was therefore not started at Long Island the next week; but the second week after was taken to Trenton, and entered for the four mile purse, where she was for the first time beaten.

Trenton, N. J., Eagle Course, June 9, 1837—Citizens' Purse \$700, free for all ages, Four mile heats.

S. Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's) b. h. *Mingo*, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bet, 6 yrs. 121lbs. 1 1  
 Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. f. *Lady Clifden*, by Sussex, out of Betsey Willson, 4 yrs. 101lbs 2 2  
 J. B. Kendall's br. m. *Camsidel*, by Industry, out of Arethusa by Sir Hal, 6 yrs. 118lbs.. 3 dist.  
 Time, 7:51½—8:05. Track heavy.

Lady Clifden the favorite at 100 to 75. Mingo won both heats easily; in the second never having let a “link” out of him. It was manifest to all who saw this race, that Lady Clifden was extremely weak, and in no fix to run; and the ease with which Mingo won, though greatly to his credit, was evidence to all that she was not “herself.” This is the more to be regretted, for, as it was the only time when she met Mingo single-handed, (Camsidel not being able to contend with either of them,) had she been in proper order, a beautiful and most exciting contest would most probably have been the result.

This ended the Spring campaign, and Lady Clifden was taken to Col. Johnson's farm in Virginia. Up to this time she had run seven races, and only been beaten in one—and that by Mingo, whom she previously and subsequently conquered,—though to be beaten by him in these, his best days, would not discredit even a Boston.

After the race at Camden, a match was made between any four-year old to be named out of Col. Johnson's stable, and *Charlotte Russe*, then with her owner, Col. Hampton, in the South. Col. Johnson named *Lady Clifden*, though he had at the time the privilege of selecting *Mary Blunt*, who was then in her prime.

The next Fall, *Lady Clifden*, when taken up to be trained, complained very much in her feet, her heels being much subject to fly or crack, and it was feared she would hardly be able to make a race during the season. After passing by several tracks in Virginia, she was taken to Washington, but could not be started; and was then carried to Kendall's Course, where she was entered for the three mile purse:—

Baltimore, Md., Kendall Course, Oct. 11, 1837—Purse \$400, free for all ages, Three mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. f. <i>Lady Clifden</i> , by Sussex, out of Betsey Willson, 4 yrs. 97lbs.	1	1
J. B. Kendall's br. m. <i>Camsidel</i> , by Industry, dam by Sir Hal, 6 yrs. 115lbs.	2	2
Col. E. Townes' br. m. <i>Black-bird</i> , by Arab, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs. 110lbs.	3	3
Time, 5:50—5:57.		

*Lady Clifden* the favorite, 4 to 1. The first heat was won in a hand gallop from the distance pole; and the second heat, on coming out under a hard pull, *Lady Clifden* was closed upon by *Camsidel*, when she was let out, and in sixty yards from home beat her out more than a length.

The races at the Central Course were to come off the next week, and *Lady Clifden* was taken to that Course, but with no intention of running her, as her heels were now very much cracked. Col. Selden, one of her owners, being proprietor of the Course, and great anxiety being expressed to him by many of the citizens of Baltimore, that she should run on the four mile day, it was determined between him and Colonel Johnson that she should be sold to one of them; and on the morning of the three mile race she was accordingly put up, and bought by Col. Selden for \$2800, subject to her match at Camden. She was then entered for the four mile purse, and with the following result:—

Baltimore, Md., Central Course, Oct. 20, 1837—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, free for all ages, Four mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's br. m. <i>Atalanta</i> , by Industry, out of Nancy Norwood by Rattler, 5 yrs. 107lbs.	1	1
John C. Stevens' ch. f. <i>Fanny Wyatt</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs. 97lbs.	2	2
Col. J. M. Selden's ch. f. <i>Lady Clifden</i> , by Sussex, dam by Ratray, 4 yrs. 97lbs.	3	3
James B. Kendall's b. c. <i>Master Henry</i> , by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs. 100lbs.	dist.	
Time, 7:50—7:56.		

This race is reported in full in the "Spirit of the Times," vol. VII., No. 37, page 292. It will be necessary here only to notice a few important facts. She was started against the deliberate judgment of Col. Johnson, in whose stable she had been trained, and was until the morning before the race. This fact would alone excuse her defeat; but there were other causes, besides her not being in order for the race, which occurred at the time of running, which do account for it. The first twenty yards were not passed over by *Lady Clifden*, before her saddle slipped and threw the jockey on her withers, and in this way, with her bridle rein hanging loose, she led the way for three miles, *Atalanta* making several severe but unsuccessful attempts to pass her. One of these struggles was made on the run home on the third mile, and this induced the jockey on *Lady Clifden* to suppose that it was the last mile, and he therefore stopped her as soon there-



after as possible. Atalanta soon passed her with great speed; and Fanny Wyatt and Master Henry—who had been trailing far in the rear, the former not running for the heat—also soon gave her the go by, whilst the shouts of the multitude to “go on,” only informed the terrified rider of Lady Clifden that the heat was not yet over and won! Giving the spurs to his horse, he put the filly to her utmost speed; and those who saw her on that day, as she seemed literally to fly down the back stretch, will never forget the deep and exciting interest she created. To save her distance no one thought within the reach of possibility, though from the almost incredible swiftness with which she gained on Atalanta and Fanny Wyatt, it was evident that she had lost the heat only by the misapprehension of her jockey. The contest between Atalanta and Fanny Wyatt was very severe, though made by the latter under very great disadvantage—she having to make up some thirty yards after Lady Clifden was stopped—and, as it was, she ran Atalanta up to the saddle girth. The heat was run in 7:50. Desperate and doubtful as was the struggle between Atalanta and Fanny Wyatt, the vast multitude on the Course seemed not to regard it, but all attention was directed to Lady Clifden. On she came, as if “with the swiftness of mighty winds,” and when the judges dropped their flag upon the victor, the cry was universal, “Is she distanced?” The judges decided not. She was stopped after passing the distance pole, and walked to the stand. The account given of the race at the time, says: “The water was running off her in a stream on the ground, not a hair of her was dry, and her nostrils dilated as if they would burst to give vent to her hard-drawn breath.” To lose the heat, under such circumstances as these, surprised no one; and that which lost her the heat, and caused the after struggle, lost her at the same time all chance of winning the purse. A vast number of bets had been made, and for this reason Col. Selden determined upon starting her again, merely to take the now very small chance of her winning. She took the lead, and maintained it for three miles and a half, when Atalanta, after a slight struggle, passed ahead, followed by Fanny Wyatt. In this way they came to the stand, Atalanta first, the winner of the purse, Fanny Wyatt a length behind, and Lady Clifden thirty feet in the rear.

After this race, Lady Clifden was taken on to Camden, where she appeared to recover very much.

The second day of the meeting at Camden, October 25, 1837, was the day fixed for the match to come off between her and Charlotte Russe, and the official report thus notices it:—

Camden, N. J., Oct. 25, 1837—Match, \$10,000 a side, \$3000 ft., Four mile heats.  
Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. f. *Lady Clifden*, by Sussex, dam by Ratray, 4 yrs. 101 lbs., rec'd ft. from Col. Wade Hampton's ch. f. *Charlotte Russe*, Own sister to Trifle, by Sir Charles, dam by Cicero, same age and weight.

Charlotte Russe was named in this match without her owner's knowledge, and engagements in South Carolina prevented an acceptance of it.

Although still complaining very much of her feet, which had festered, and on squeezing the frogs discharged matter, it was decided by Col. Selden to start her for the four mile purse:—

Camden, N. J., Oct. 27, 1837—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, free for all ages, Four mile heats.  
S. Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's) b. h. *Mingo*, by Eclipse, 6 yrs. 121 lbs. 1 1  
Col. J. M. Selden's ch. f. *Lady Clifden*, by Sussex, 4 yrs. 101 lbs. 3 2  
Col. W. R. Johnson's b. m. *Atalanta*, by Industry, 5 yrs. 111 lbs. 2 3  
Time, 7:56—7:52. Track heavy.



The first heat was taken by Mingo, with something in hand,—Atalanta at his saddle girths,—Lady Clifden just “dropping in.”

The second heat Lady Clifden was imprudently run ahead for three miles, under a pretty good pace, and, after a beautiful struggle for near half a mile, was passed by Mingo, who came out about two lengths ahead; Atalanta having dropped far behind. This race satisfied her friends of her ability to have beaten Atalanta the week previous, at the Central Course; and, as her feet were fast getting well, raised high expectations of her performance the next week at the Union Course. How these expectations were fulfilled—aye, more than fulfilled—the record will show, which records “*the most splendid race ever made in America*,” and “when the laurels won for the North by *Eclipse*, were torn from her brows by *Lady Clifden* of the South!” Such was the language of enthusiasm with which the editor of the “*Spirit of the Times*” began his sketch of this wonderful contest. The race came off at Long Island, on the 3d of November, 1837,—a beautiful day,—and was witnessed by “thirty thousand persons,” who will remember it to their dying day; and the history of which race, it was well said, “would go down through all time as one of the most fiercely contested and glorious victories ever achieved by a high-mettled racer and an honest rider!”

New York, Union Course, L. 1., Nov. 3, 1837—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, free for all ages, Four mile heats.

Col. J. M. Selden's (of Md.) ch. f. <i>Lady Clifden</i> , by Sussex, 4 yrs. 101 lbs. ....	4	1	1
Col. Wm. Wynn's (of Va.) b. c. <i>Picton</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella, 3 y. 90 lbs. ....	1	4	3
John C. Stevens' (of N. Y.) ch. f. <i>Fanny Wyatt</i> , by Sir Charles, 4 yrs. 101 lbs. ....	3	2	2
S. Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's, of Pa.) b. h. <i>Mingo</i> , by Eclipse, 6 yrs. 121 lbs. ....	2	3	4
Time, 7:44—7:43½—7:56½.			

Full and very beautiful accounts of this race were given by the editor of the “*Spirit of the Times*,” in his papers of Nov. 4, and 11, 1837, vol. vii., Nos. 38 and 39. We must refer to them for the minute details. Before starting, Mingo was the favorite against the field at 100 to 80, and immense sums were laid out. The first heat was taken, hard in hand, by Picton, who led from start to pole; Fanny contending strongly for the heat; Mingo in hand, and Lady Clifden just within her distance. To save a distance in 7:44, is not compatible with slow running; and it was Gil. Patrick's orders, who rode Lady Clifden, not to run her for the heat; though, as he says himself, he shall believe to his dying day that he could have won it, or made the time go down below the “forties.” Mingo, who was complaining before the race, now showed slight lameness, and bets ran against him and Lady Clifden 4 to 1, and 3 to 1 against Fanny Wyatt, and 2 to 1 against Picton, the noblest son of Luzborough.

The second heat was “go along” from the start—Picton in the lead, and Mingo close upon him, and on the third mile was collared; when Lady Clifden and Fanny Wyatt made a rush at them, and at the draw-gate the former passed ahead, followed soon after by Fanny.—The struggle between these two was tremendous; but on entering on the last quarter Fanny gave it up, and Lady Clifden, amidst shouts which did really “rend the air,” passed the stand, the winner of the heat, in 7:43½,—the best time ever, till that day, made on the track since the great race between Eclipse and Henry. Lady Clifden now became decidedly the favorite, though from the manner in which Fanny Wyatt cooled off, it was thought the chances in her favor were even.

The third heat Lady Clifden—though sorely beset for near a mile with Mingo on one side and Fanny Wyatt on the other—was never passed. On the fourth mile Mingo cried enough, and Picton gave up; and Fanny Wyatt was left alone to contend for the honors and the purse, which she did most gallantly but unsuccessfully: Lady Clifden beat her out half a length, and won the heat in 7:56½; which, considering the time of the two previous heats, was even more astonishing than all—and taken in connection with the fact that Lady Clifden had won the second heat in quicker time than Picton had the first, and was never, even for a moment, headed in the third heat, as was well remarked by a distinguished turfman, “covered her all over with glory.”

In regard to this race—which continued the theme of conversation for months afterwards, and is always referred to, even now, as “the great race of this country,” and which has been pronounced by that distinguished English writer on the turf, who signs himself “Craven,” as “not only wonderful, but miraculous,”—the editor of the “Spirit of the Times” has truly said: “The annals of the American Turf furnish no parallel to it.” Various speculations have been entered into to prove that under such and such circumstances, such or such a horse might have won the race,—but Lady Clifden “*did it*,” nor left the task to others! and the doing of it “will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against the deep damnation” of taking off her laurels.—It cannot be.—The *time* of the race tells a tale in her behalf which cannot be gainsaid, and is yet to be excelled.

The following comparison between the Eclipse and Henry race and this, was made in the “Spirit of the Times,” vol. VII., No. 38, page 300:—

<i>Eclipse and Henry.</i>		<i>Lady Clifden and Picton.</i>	
First heat.....	7:37	First heat.....	7:44
Second heat.....	7:49	Second heat.....	7:43½
Third heat.....	8:24	Third heat.....	7:56½
Total.....	23:50	Total.....	23:24

“From which it appears,” remarks the editor of the “Spirit of the Times,” “that Henry’s first heat was seven seconds better than Picton’s; and that the first two heats of that memorable race were a second and a half better than the first two heats of this race; but that the time of the three heats of Lady Clifden’s race is better by *twenty-six seconds* than that of Eclipse. It is also worthy of remark, that the second heat won by Lady Clifden is *the best second four mile heat ever run in this country under any circumstances.*”

The excitement created in sporting circles by this race was immense, and so was the crowd which assembled to witness the four mile race the next week at the Beacon Course, in which it was announced Atalanta, Picton, and Lady Clifden would start.

New York, Beacon Course, N. J., Nov. 10, 1837—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, free for all ages.

Four mile heats.

Col. J. M. Selden’s ch. f. <i>Lady Clifden</i> , by Sussex, 4 yrs. 101 lbs.....	1	f
Col. Wm. Wynn’s br. c. <i>Picton</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, 3 yrs. 90 lbs.....	2	2
Col. W. R. Johnson’s b. m. <i>Atalanta</i> , by Industry, 5 yrs. 111 lbs.....	bolt.	

Time, 8:09—8:04.

This race is also fully reported in the “Spirit of the Times,” vol. VII., page 308. “The style in which Lady Clifden won,” remarked the editor, “confirmed the most sanguine expectations of her friends,” and

failed not to "fright the souls of fearful adversaries." The track was not in good order, and the rain of the previous night rendered it still less adapted for making quick time. The first heat was won by a scant half length, and the crowd was so dense at the draw-gate, that the horses had "to run the gauntlet." The horses were all frightened—Lady Clifden was with some difficulty driven through the crowd; Picton lost his stride; and Atalanta bolted, but was brought up again, and after knocking down half a dozen persons, was stopped outside the distance stand. The second heat was well contested by Picton, though, as the result showed, the year which the filly had in age above him, enabled her to run him down in three miles, and though he struggled to the last, she came home in hand, the winner of the purse by five or six lengths.

Lady Clifden had now run a race a week for the five previous weeks, making together forty-two miles, and was so evidently off her foot, that it was with some reluctance that Col. Selden started her the next week for the four mile purse at Trenton, which she lost, but which, as the editor of the "Spirit of the Times" remarked on announcing her defeat, surprised no one after the tremendous races she had run the two previous weeks.

Trenton, N. J., Eagle Course, Nov. 17, 1837—Citizens' Purse \$800, free for all ages, Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. m. <i>Atalanta</i> , by Industry, 5 yrs. 111 lbs.	1	1
Col. J. M. Selden's ch. f. <i>Lady Clifden</i> , by Sussex, 4 yrs. 101 lbs.	2	2
C. S. Lloyd's (J. H. Van Mater's) gr. c. <i>Champagne</i> , by Medley, dam by Ogle's Oscar, 4 yrs. 104 lbs.	3	3

Time, 8:22—8:22.

The track was very heavy, and though Atalanta is not a mud horse, "appearances" were so decidedly in her favor, that the bets, before starting, ran 100 to 70 on her against the field. Lady Clifden could hardly make a brush "as she was wont to do," and each heat was won by Atalanta by about two lengths.

Here may be said to have ended Lady Clifden's racing career, for never afterwards did she appear on the turf in the order which would justify the expression which was used in reference to her, by some vivid writer on the Turf—[is not the writer the editor of the "Spirit"?]—that she was "in condition to run for a man's life!" On returning home from Trenton, she was turned out; and was taken up the next Spring to be trained. Col. Selden had engaged the services of her first trainer (Mr. Fields), and from the excellent order in which he always brought her on the course, great expectations were indulged in regard to her future performance. The writer of this was at the Washington Spring Meeting of 1838, and saw Lady Clifden taking her exercises. She never moved better, and made her brushes with the same high courage and ambition which she had manifested in her best days, and all regarded the four mile purse as hers "beyond doubt." On the evening of the second day of racing, although no lameness was perceptible, a slight swelling on her near hind leg made its appearance. Proper remedies were applied, and her exercises were stopped; but indifferent success resulted from this treatment; and the part being much heated the evening before the four mile race, Col. Selden decided on not running her. On taking her to Baltimore, her exercises were renewed; and she then exhibiting lameness, she was turned out. The next Fall she was again taken up, and it was



intended to send her South, for the racing at New Orleans, &c. In consequence, I believe, of the absence of Gen. Emory, who held the reversionary interest in her on her retiring from the 'Turf, this arrangement was not carried into effect; and she was sent the last Spring to Virginia, and placed in the stable of Col. John Heth, under the care of Mr. John Alcock. The accounts received from her were of the most favorable character, and her trials raised the highest expectations, though fears were entertained that she would break down the first race she run. These fears were, unfortunately, but too well founded, as was shown by the three mile race in which she started at Broad Rock.

*Broad Rock, Va., April 27, 1839*—Jockey Club Purse \$500, free for all ages, Three mile heats.  
 Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, dam by Florizel, 6 yrs. 118lbs..... 1 1  
 Col. J. Heth's (Col. J. M. Seldens') ch. m. *Lady Clifden*, by Sussex, 6 yrs. 115lbs..... 2 dr  
 Townes & Williamson's ch. c. *Brocklesby*, by Imp. Luzborough, d. by Roanoke, 4 y. 100lbs. 3 dr  
 Time, 5:46.

The best heat, by some seconds, ever run over the course. Boston was the favorite, at long odds. At starting, Lady Clifden took the lead, and maintained it for two miles and a half, when Boston passed and won the heat handily. On coming out, Lady Clifden was slightly lame, and in a subsequent trial broke down irretrievably. In this race, run under great disadvantage, because opposed by such a horse as Boston, Lady Clifden but confirmed those who had the management of her, of her great speed and bottom; and had her leg not given way, by which her fine stride was evidently lost, the heat would doubtless have been closed two or three seconds sooner, if it had not been won by her.

As soon as the result of the race and its consequences were communicated to Col. Selden, he wrote to Gen. Emory that the mare's racing career was over, and that she was subject to his orders. It is not too much to suppose of such a man as Gen. Emory, that he received this intelligence with deep regret, though he was personally to be benefitted by it. Though he had been no direct gainer by the distinguished successes which had crowned her glorious efforts, we know that he always heard of them with a feeling of satisfaction next akin to that with which a father may be supposed to have when he beholds his son gaining deservedly the highest honors in his profession, or winning the applause of his fellow men by deeds of chivalry and noble daring. Here ended Lady Clifden's struggles for the honors of the turf; and, deserving as she did a place in the affections of the noblest of her kind, she was taken to the harem of *Priam*, and from these lovers may yet spring a son whose fame will eclipse that of both sire and mother. So may it be!

If we could, Mr. Editor, suppose horses endowed with perception, might we not believe that when, as in the case of Lady Clifden, they found themselves failing in some essential part of their frame, they realized all the pains and racks of mind which tortured Othello when he bade farewell to

"The big wars that make ambition virtue"!

They, like him, will no longer hear the applause of men, waking the heavens in its obstreperous manifestations at their success. The "spirit stirring drum" sounds no more for them. The "royal banner"



will never again be raised nor lowered to mark their struggles, or to confirm their honors,

————— “and to all quality,  
Pride, pomp and circumstance of the glorious” race,

they must say, farewell,—“their occupation’s gone!” But when, as was the fate of Lady Clifden, they feel that they are failing, not when they are

“Declined into the vale of years,”

but with youth and all their honors blushing on them, might they not also be supposed to say with him :

————— “now forever  
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!”

If such things could be, it were easy to suppose them true of Lady Clifden, when in the stable, and the trumpet was blown to call others to the field. There was a glorious animation in her eye, as if an ecstatic thrill ran through her whole frame. She would lift her head and stretch it upwards to its utmost reach, and every faculty would seem to be on the rack to catch the cadences of the bugle. Could the limner have transferred her to the canvas, as she was then, it would have been a glorious triumph of his art, and a glorious picture to behold.

The day of her triumphs has passed, and others have come to claim and win the honors which once were hers.

Lady Clifden started in fourteen races, won nine, and received forfeit in a match, as follows :—

1.	Over the Kendall Course, Md., May 27, 1836—Sweepstakes.....	\$300
2.	“ “ Central Course, Md., Sept. 21, 1836—Purse.....	200
3.	“ “ Central Course, Md., Oct. 18, 1836—Sweepstakes.....	3250
4.	“ “ Kendall Course, Md., May 10, 1837—Purse.....	400
5.	“ “ Central Course, Md., May 17, 1837—Craig Plate.....	500
6.	“ “ Camden Course, N. J., May 26, 1837—Purse.....	1000
8.	“ “ Kendall Course, Md., Oct. 11, 1837—Purse.....	400
10.	“ “ Camden Course, N. J., Oct. 25, 1837—Match, received forfeit.....	3000
12.	“ “ Union Course, L. I., Nov. 3, 1837—Purse.....	1000
13.	“ “ Beacon Course, N. J., Nov. 10, 1837—Purse.....	1000

Making her winnings..... 11,050

She was beaten in five races as follows :—

7. Over the Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J., June 9, 1837, by Mingo.
9. “ “ Central Course, Md., Oct. 20, 1837, by Atalanta.
11. “ “ Camden Course, N. J., Oct. 27, 1837, by Mingo.
14. “ “ Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J., Nov. 17, 1837, by Atalanta.
15. At Broad Rock, Va., April 27, 1839, by Boston.

She has run—

One Mile race of three heats.....	3 miles.
One Mile race of four heats.....	4 “
Two Two mile races of two heats each.....	8 “
Two Three mile races of two heats each.....	12 “
One Three mile heat.....	3 “
Two Four mile races of three heats.....	24 “
Five Four mile races of two heats.....	40 “

Making a total of..... 94 miles,

besides the four mile race for a match in which she received forfeit. We shall only further remark, that Lady Clifden has made good time at all distances. She won a second mile heat, in the mud, at Kendall’s Course, in 1:58; won a two mile heat, at the Central, hard in hand, in 3:52; a three mile heat, at Kendall’s, in 5:45; a second four mile heat, at the Union Course, L. I., in 7:42½, and after that heat ran a third in 7:56½, leading from end to end! She was only beaten by

Mingo, Atalanta, and Boston; and subsequently beat the two former, and made better time than when they beat her; and when beaten by Boston she broke down, and yet ran the heat out in better time than was ever made on the course before.

So much for the racing career of Lady Clifden; and though now retired from the public gaze, her victories will live in the memory of every son of the Turf, and be handed down in the annals of the times, even though we should be disappointed in the fond expectation, now reasonably indulged, that her offspring will emulate by their deeds, those of their distinguished mother.

J. J.

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## A WEEK IN THE WOODLANDS ;

OR SCENES ON THE ROAD, IN THE FIELD, AND ROUND THE FIRE.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

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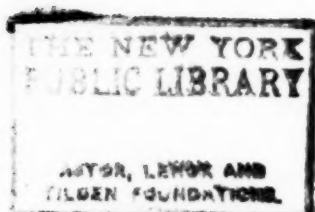
### DAY THE FIFTH.

Our last day's shooting in the vale of Sugar-loaf was over; and, something contrary to Harry's first intention, we had decided, instead of striking westward into Sullivan or Ulster, to drive five miles upon our homeward route, and beat the Long-pond mountain—not now for such small game as woodcock, quail, or partridge; but for a herd of deer, which, although now but rarely found along the western hills, was said to have been seen already several times, to the number of six or seven head, in a small cove, or hollow basin, close to the summit of the Bellevale ridge. As it was not of course our plan to return again to Tom Draw's, every thing was now carefully and neatly packed away—the game, of which we had indeed a goodly stock, was produced from Tom's ice-house, where suspended from the rafters, they had been kept as sound and fresh as though they had been all killed only on the preceding day. A long deep box, fitting beneath the gun-case under the front seat, was now produced, and proved to be another of Harry's notable inventions; for it was lined throughout, lid, bottom, sides and all, with zinc, and in the centre had a well or small compartment of the same material, with a raised grating in the bottom. This well was forthwith lined with a square yard, or rather more, of flannel, into which was heaped a quantity of ice pounded as fine as possible, sufficient to cram it absolutely to the top—the rest of the box was then filled with the birds, displayed in regular rows, with heads and tails alternating, and a thin coat of clear dry wheaten straw between each layer, until but a few inches' depth remained between the noble pile and the lid of this extempore refrigerator—this space being filled in with flannel packed close and folded tightly, the box was locked and thrust into the accurately fitting boot by dint of the exertion of Timothy's whole strength.



WOLFE'S HUNTING.

New York, Engraved for the American Turf, Race, and Sporting Magazine.





"There, Frank," cried Harry, who had superintended the storage of the whole with nice scrutiny—"those chaps will keep there as sound as roaches, till we get to young Tom's at Ramapo—you cannot think what work I had, trying in vain to save them, before I hit upon this method—I used hops, which I have known in England to keep birds in an extraordinary manner—for, what you'll scarce believe, I once ate a Ptarmigan, the day year after it was killed, which had been packed with hops, in perfect preservation, at Farnley, Mr. Fawkes' place in Yorkshire!—and I tried prepared charcoal, and got my woodcock, down to New York, looking like chimney sweeps, and smelling——"

"What the h—ll difference does it make to you now, Archer, I'd be pleased to know?"—interposed Tom,—“what under heaven they smells like—a man that eats cock with their guts in, like you does, need'nt stick now, I reckon, for a leetle mite of a stink!”—

"Shut up, you old villain," answered Harry, laughing, "bring the milk punch, and get your great coat on, if you mean to go with us—for it's quite keen this morning, I can tell you—and we must be stirring too, for the sun will be up before we get to Teachman's. Now, Jem, get out the hounds—how do you take them, Tom?"

"Why, that d—d Injun, Jem, he'll take them in my lumber wagon—and, I say, Jem, see that you don't over-drive old roan—away with you, and rouse up Garry, he means to go, I guess!"

After a mighty round of punch, in which, as we were now departing, one half at least of the village joined, we all got under way—Tom, buttoned up to the throat in a huge white lion skin wrap-rascal, looking for all the world like a polar bear erect on its hind legs; and all of us muffled up pretty snugly, a proceeding which was rendered necessary by a brisk bracing northwest breeze. The sky, though it was scarcely the first twilight of an autumnal dawn, was beautifully clear, and as transparent (though still somewhat dusky) as a wide sheet of chrystal; a few pale stars were twinkling here and there, but in the east a broad gray streak changing on the horizon's edge to a faint straw color, announced the sun's approach. The whole face of the country, hill, vale, and woodland, was overspread by an universal coat of silvery hoar-frost; thin wreaths of snowy mist rising above the tops of the sere woodlands, throughout the whole length of the lovely vale, indicated as clearly as though it were traced on a map, the direction of the stream that watered it; and as we paused upon the brow of the first hillock, and looked back toward the village, with its white steeples and neat cottage dwellings buried in the still repose of that early hour, with only one or two faint columns of blue smoke worming their way up lazily into the cloudless atmosphere, a feeling of regret—such as has often crossed my mind before, when leaving any place wherein I have spent a few days happily, and which I never may see more—rendered me somewhat indisposed to talk. Something or other—it might with Harry, perhaps, have been a similar train of thought—caused both my comrades to be more taciturn by far than was their wont; and we had rattled over five miles of our route, had scaled the first ridge of the hills, and dived into the wide ravine—midway the depth of which the pretty village of

Bellevalle lies on the brink of the dammed rivulet, which, a few yards below the neat stone bridge, takes a precipitous leap of fifty feet, over a rustic wier, and rushes onward, bounding from ledge to ledge of rifted rocks, chafing and fretting as if it were doing a match against time, and were in danger of losing its race—had passed the heavy lumber wagon, with Jem and Garry perched on a board which had been laid across it, and the four couple of staunch hounds nestling in the straw which Tom had provided in abundance for their comfort—before the silence had been broken by any sounds except the rattle of the wheels, the occasional interjectional whistle of Harry to his horses, or the flip of the well handled whip.

Just, however, as we were shooting ahead of the lumber wain, an exclamation from Tom Draw, which should have been a sentence, had it not been very abruptly terminated in a long rattling eructation, arrested Archer's progress. Pulling short up where a jog across the road, constructed—after the damnable mode adopted in all the hilly portions of the interior—in order to prevent the heavy rains from channelling the descent, afforded him a chance of stopping on the hill, so as to slack his traces—"How now,"—he exclaimed—"What the deuce ails you now, you old Rhinoceros!"

"Oh Archer, I feels bad—worst sort, by Judas!—It's that milk punch, I reckon; it keeps a raising—raising, all the time, like——"

"And you want to lay it, I suppose, like a ghost, in a sea of whiskey—Well, I've no especial objection! Here, Tim, hand the case bottle, and the dram cup! No! no! confound you, pass it this way first, for if Tom once get's hold of it, we may say good bye to it altogether. There," he continued, after we had both taken a moderate sip at the superb old Farentosh—"there, now, take your chance at it, and for heaven's sake do leave a drop for Jem and Garry—By George now, you *shall not* drink it *all*!"—as Tom poured down the third cup full, each being as big as an ordinary beer-glass—"There was above a pint and a half in it when you began, and now there's barely one cup full between the two of them. An't you ashamed of yourself now, you greedy old devil?"

"It does go right, I swon!"—was the only reply that could be got out of him.

"That's more a plaguy sight than the bullets will do, out of your old tower musket; you're so drunk now, I fancy, that you could'n't hold it straight enough to hit a deer at three rods, let alone thirty, which you are so fond of chattering about."

"Do tell now"—replied Tom—"did you, or any other feller, ever see me shoot the worser for a mite of liquor—and as for deer, that's all a no sich thing—there arnt no deer a this side of Duekseedar's—It's all a lie of Teachman's and that Deckering son of a"—

"Holloa! hold up, Tom—recollect yesterday!—I thought there had been no cock down by the first bridge there, these six years—why you're getting quite stupid, and a croaker too, in your old age."

"Mayhap I be," he answered rather gruffly, "Mayhap I be—but you won't git no deer to-day—I'll stand drinks for the company—and if we does start one, I'll lay on my own musket agin your rifle."

"Well! we'll soon see, for here we are," Harry replied, as after leaving the high-road just at the summit of the Bellevale mountain, he rattled down a very broken ratty bye-road at the rate of at least eight miles an hour, vastly to the discomfiture of our fat host, whose fleshy sides were jolted almost out of their skin by the concussion of the wheels against the many stones and jogs which opposed their progress. "Here we are—or at least soon will be. It is but a short half mile through these woods to Teachman's cottage. Is there a gun loaded, Tim? It's ten to one we shall have a partridge fluttering up and treeing here directly—I'll let the dogs out—get away Flash! get away Dan! you little rascals! Jump out, good dogs, Shot, Chase—hie up with you!" and out they went rattling and scrambling through the brush-wood all four abreast!

At the same moment Tim, leaning over into the body of the wagon, lugged out a brace of guns from their leathern cases—Harry's short ounce ball rifle, and the long single barrelled duck gun.

"T' roifle is loaden wi a single ball, and 't single goon wi yan of them green cartridges!"

"Much good ball and buck-shot will do us against partridge—nevertheless, if one trees, I'll try if I cant cut his head off for him," said Archer, laughing.

"Nay! nay! it be-ant book-shot, it's no but noomber three—tak' haud on't, Measter Draa, tak' haud on't it. It's no hoort thee, mon, and 't horses boath stand foire cannily!"

Scarce had Fat Tom obeyed his imperative solicitations, and scarce had Tim taken hold of the ribbands which Harry had relinquished the moment he got the rifle into his hands, before a most extraordinary hubbub arose in the little skirt of coppice to our left—the spaniels quested for a second's space at the utmost, when a tremendous crash of the branches arose, and both the setters gave tongue furiously with a quick savage yell. The road at this point of the wood made a short and very sudden angle, so as to enclose a small point of very dense thicket between its two branches; on one of these was our wagon, and down the other the lumber wain was rumbling, at the moment when this strange and most unexpected outcry started us all.

"What i' t' fient's neam is yon!" cried Timothy.

"And what the devil's that?" responded I and Archer in a breath.

But whatever it was that had aroused the dogs to such a most unusual pitch of fury, it went crashing through the brush-wood for some five or six strokes at a fearful rate toward the other wagon—before, however, it had reached the road, a most appalling shout from Jem, followed upon the instant by the blended voices of all the hounds opening at once, as on a view, excited us yet farther!—I was still tugging at my double gun, in the vain hope of getting it out time enough for action—Tom had scrambled out of the wagon on the first alarm, and stood eye, ear, and breast erect by the off side of the horses, which were very restless, pawing, and plunging violently, and almost defying Timothy's best skill to hold them—while Harry, having cast off his box-coat, stood firm and upright on the foot board as a carved statue, with his rifle cocked and ready—when headed back upon us by the yell of Lyn and the loud clamor of his fresh foes, the



first buck I had seen in America, and the largest I had seen anywhere, dashed at a single plunge into the road, clearing the green head of a fallen hemlock apparently without an effort, his splendid antlers laid back on his neck, and his white flag lashing his fair round haunch as the fleet bitches Bonnybelle and Blossom yelled with their shrill fierce trebles close behind him. Seeing that it was useless to persist in my endeavor to extricate my gun, and satisfied that the matter was in good hands, I was content to look on an inactive but most eager witness.

Tom, who from his position at the head of the off horse commanded the first view of the splendid creature, pitched his gun to his shoulder hastily and fired—the smoke drifted across my face, but through its vapory folds I could distinguish the dim figure of the noble hart still bounding unhurt onward—but before the first echo of the round ringing report of Tom's shot-gun reached my ear, the sharp flat crash of Harry's rifle followed it, and at the self-same instant the buck sprung six feet into the air, and pitched head foremost on the ground—it was but for a moment, however, for with the speed of light he struggled to his feet, and though sore wounded, was yet toiling onward when the two English foxhounds dashed at his throat and pulled him down again.

"Run in, Tom, run in! quick," shouted Harry, "he's not clean killed, and may gore the dogs sadly!"

"I've got no knife," responded Tom, but dauntlessly he dashed in, all the same, to the rescue of the bitches—which I believe he loved almost as well as his own children—and though, encumbered by his ponderous white top-coat, not to say by his two hundred and fifty weight of solid flesh, seized the fierce animal by the brow-antlers, and bore him to the ground, before Harry, who had leaped out of the wagon, with his first words, could reach him. The next moment the keen short hunting knife, without which Archer never takes the field, had severed at a single stroke the weasand of the gallant brute—the black blood streamed out on the smoking hoar-frost, the full eyes glazed, and, after one sharp fluttering struggle, the life departed from those graceful limbs, which had been but a few short instants previous so full of glorious energy—of fiery vigor.

"Well, that's the strangest thing I ever heard of—let alone seeing"—exclaimed Archer, "fancy a buck like that lying in such a mere fringe of coppice, and so near the road-side, too! and why the deuce he lay here 'till we almost had passed him!"

"I know how it's been, any heaw," said Jem, who had by this time come up, and was looking on with much exultation flashing in his keen small eye. "Bill Speer up on the hill there telled me jist now, that they druv a big deer down from the back-bone clear down to this here hollow just above, last night arter dark. Bill shot at him, and reckoned kind he hot him—but I guess he's been mistaked—least-wise he jumped strong enough just neaw!—but which on you was 't 'at killed him!"

"I did," exclaimed Tom, "I did by ——!"

"Why you most impudent of all old liars," replied Harry—while at the same time, with a most prodigious chuckle, Tim Matlock pointed to the white bark of a birch sapling, about the thickness of man's

thigh, standing at somewhat less than fifteen paces' distance, wherein the large shot contained by the wire cartridge—the best sporting invention by the way, that has been made since percussion—had bedded themselves in a black circle, cut an inch at least into the solid wood, and about two inches in diameter!"

"I ken gay and fairly," exclaimed Tim, "'t ay rammed an Eley's patent cartridge into 't single goon this morning; and yonder is 't i' t' birk tree, an I ken a load o' shot frae an unce bullet!"

The laugh was general now against fat Tom, especially as the wide wound made by the heavy ball of Harry's rifle was plainly visible, about a hand's breath behind the part on the side toward which he had aimed; while the lead had passed directly through, in an oblique direction forward, breaking the left shoulder blade, and lodging just beneath the skin, whence a touch of the knife dislodged it.

"What now—what now, boys?" cried the old sinner, no whit disconcerted by the general mirth against him—"I say, by—I killed him, and I say so yet.—Which on ye all—which on ye all daared to go in on him without a knife nor nothen. I killed him—I say—anyhow, and so let's drink!"

"Well, I believe we must wet him," Harry answered, "so get out another flask of whiskey, Tim—and you Jem and Garry lend me a hand to lift this fine chap into the wagon.—By Jove, but this will make the Teachmans open their eyes—and now look sharp. You sent the Teachmans word that we were coming, Tom?"

"Sartin! and they've got breakfast ready long enough before this, anyways."

With no more of delay, but with lots more of merriment and shouting, on we drove; and in five minutes' space, just as the sun was rising, reached the small rude enclosure round two or three log huts, lying just on the verge of the beautiful clear lake. Two long sharp boats, and a canoe scooped out of a whole tree, were drawn up on the sandy beach; a fishing net of many yards in length was drying on the rails; a brace of large, strong, black and tan foxhounds were lying on the step before the door; a dozen mongrel geese, with one wing-tipped wild one among them, were sauntering and gabbling about the narrow yard; and a glorious white-headed fishing eagle with a clipped wing, but otherwise at large, was perched upon the roof hard by the chimney.

At the rattle of our arrival, out came from the largest of the cottages, three tall rough-looking countrymen to greet us, not one of whom stood less than six foot in his stockings, while two were several inches taller. Great was their wonder, and loud were their congratulations when they beheld the unexpected prize which we had gained while on our route, but little space was given at that time to either; for the coffee, which, by the way, was poor enough, and the hot cakes and fried perch, which were capital, and the grilled salt pork, swimming in fat, and the large mealy potatoes bursting through their brown skins, were ready smoking upon a rough wooden board, covered, however, by a clean white table cloth, beside a sparkling fire of wood, which our drive through the brisk mountain air had rendered by no means unacceptable.

We breakfasted like hungry men and hunters, both rapidly and well—and before half an hour elapsed, Archer, with Jem and one of our bold hosts started away, well provided with powder, ball, and whiskey, and accompanied by all the hounds, to make a circuit of the Western hill; on the summit of which they expected to be joined by two or three more of the neighbors, whence they proposed to drive the whole sweep of the forest-clad descent down to the waters' edge. Tim was enjoined to see to the provisions, and to provide as good a dinner as his best gastronomic skill, and the contents of our portable larder might afford, and I was put under the charge of Tom, who seemed for above an hour disposed to do nothing but to lie dozing, with a cigar in his mouth, stretched upon the broad of his back, on a bank facing the early sunshine just without the door; while our hosts were collecting bait, preparing fishing tackle, and cleaning or repairing their huge clumsy muskets. At length when the drivers had been gone already for considerably more than an hour, he got up and shook himself—

"Now then, boys," he exclaimed, "we'll be a movin.—You Joe Teachman, what are you lazin there about—d—n you? You go with Mr. Forester and Garry in the big boat, and pull as fast as you can put your oars to water, till you git opposite the white-stone pint—and there lie still as fishes!--You may fish, though, if you will, Forester," he added, turning to me—"and I do reckon the big yellow perch *will* bite the darndest, this cold mornin, arter the sun gits fairly up—but soon as iver you hear the hounds holler—or one of them chaps shoot, then look you out right stret away for business!--Cale, here, and I'll take the small boat, and keep in sight of you; and so that we can kiver all this eend of the pond like, if the deer tries to cross hereaways. How long is 't Cale, since we had six on them all at oncet in the water—six—seven—eight, well I swon, it's years agone now!--but come, we mus'n't stand here talkin, else we'll get a dammin, when they drives down a buck into the pond and none of us in there to tackle him!"

So without more ado, we got into our boats, disposed our guns with the stocks towards us in the bows, laid in our stock of tinder, pipes, and liquor, and rowed off merrily to our appointed stations. Never in the whole course of my life has it been my fortune to look upon more lovely scenery than I beheld that morning—the long narrow winding lake, lying as pure as chrystal beneath the liquid skies, reflecting with the correctness of the most perfect mirror, the abrupt and broken hills, which sank down so precipitously into it—clad as they were in foliage of every gorgeous dye, with which the autumn of America loves to enhance the beauty of her forest pictures—that, could they find their way into its mountain girdled basin, ships of large burthen might lie afloat within a stone's throw of the shore!--the slopes of the woodcovered knolls, here brown, or golden, and interspersed with the rich crimson of the faded maples, there verdant with the evergreen leaves of the pine and cedar!--and the far azure summits of the most distant peaks, all steeped in the serene and glowing sunshine of an October morning. For hours we lay there, our little vessel floating as the occasional breath of a sudden breeze, curling the lake into sparkling wavelets, chose to direct our course,



smoking our cigars, and chatting cozily, and now and then pulling up a great broad backed yellow bass, whose flapping would for a time disturb the peaceful silence, which, quite unbroken save by the chance clamor of a passing crow, reigned over wood and dale and water—yet not a sound betokening the approach of our drivers had reached our ears.

Suddenly when the sun had long passed his meridian height, and was declining rapidly toward the horizon, the full round shot of a musket rang from the mountain top, followed immediately by a sharp yell—and in an instant the whole basin of the lake was filled with the harmonious discord of the hounds. I could distinguish on the moment the clear sharp challenge of Harry's high bred foxhounds, the deep bass voices of the Southern dogs, and the untamable and cur like yelping of the dogs which the Teachmans had taken with them. Ten minutes passed full of anxiety, almost of fear.—We knew not as yet whither to turn our boats' head, for every second the course of the hounds seemed to vary, at one instant they would appear to be rushing directly down to us, and the next instant they would turn as though they were going up the hill again. Meantime our beaters were not idle—their stirring shouts serving alike to animate the hounds and to force the deer to water, made rock and wood reply in cheery echoes—but to my wonder I caught not for a long time one note of Harry's gladsome voice. At length, as I strained my eyes against the broad hill side gilt by the rays of the declining sun, I caught a glimpse of his form running at a tremendous pace, bounding over stock and stone, and plunging through dense thickets, on a portion of the declivity where the tall trees had a few years before been destroyed by accidental fire.—At this moment the hounds were running, to judge from their tongues, parallel to the lake and to the line which he was running—the next minute, with a redoubled clamor, they turned directly down to him,—I lost sight of him, but half a minute after the sharp crack of his rifle again rang upon the air, followed by a triumphant "Whoop! who—whoop!" and then I knew another stag had fallen. The beaters on the hill shouted again louder and louder than before—and the hounds still raved on! By heaven! but there must be a herd of them a-foot—and now the pack divides! the English hounds are bringing their game down—here—by the Lord just here—right in our very faces!—the Southernns have borne away over the shoulder of the hill, still running hot and hard in Jolly Tom's direction.—"By heaven," I cried, "look! Teachman, Garry, look! there—see you not that noble buck, he leaped that sumach bush like a race-horse, and see! see! now he will take the water. Bad luck on it! he sees us, and heads back!"—Again the fleet hounds rally in his rear, and chide till earth and air are vocal and harmonious.—Hark! hark! how Archer's cheers ring on the wind—now he turns once again—he nears the edge—how glorious—with what a beautiful bold bound he leaped from that high bluff into the flashing wave, with what a majesty he tossed his antlered head above the spray, with how magnificent and brave a stroke he breasts the curling billows.

Give way! my men, give way!—how the frail bark creaks and groans as we ply the long oars in the rullocks,—how the ash

bends in our sturdy grasp—how the boat springs beneath their impulse.

“Together, boys! together! now—now we gain—now, Garry, lay your oar aside—up with your musket—now you are near enough—give it him in God’s name—a good shot, too! the bullet ricocheted from the lake scarcely six inches from his nose—give way again, it’s my shot now!”

And lifting my Joe Manton, each barrel loaded with a bullet carefully wadded with greased buckskin, I took a careful aim and fired—

“That’s it,” cried Garry, “well done, Forester—right through the head, by George!”

And, as he spoke, I fancied for the moment he was right—the noble buck plunged half his height out of the bright blue water, shaking his head as if in the death agony, but the next instant he stretched out again with vigor unimpaired, and I could see that my ball had only knocked a tine off his left antler.—My second barrel still remained, and without lowering the gun, I drew my second trigger—again a fierce plunge told that the ball had not erred widely; and this time, when he again sank into his wonted posture, the deep crimson dye that tinged the foam which curled about his graceful neck, as he still struggled feebly fleet before his unrelenting foes, gave token of a deadly wound.

Six more strokes of the bending oars—we shot along side—a noose of rope was cast across his branching tines, the keen knife flashed across his throat, and all was over! We towed him to the shore, where Harry and his comrades were awaiting us with another victim to his unerring aim. We took both bucks and all hands on board, pulled stoutly homeward, and found Tom lamenting.—Two deer, a buck of the first head, and a doe, had taken water close beside him—he had missed his first shot, and in toiling over-hard to recover lost ground, had broken his oar, and been compelled inactively to witness their escape.

Three fat bucks was the total of the day’s sport—not one of which had fallen to Tom’s boasted musket. It needed all that Tim’s best dinner, with lots of Champagne and Farentosh, could do to restore the fat chap’s equanimity; but he at last consoled himself, as we threw ourselves on the lowly beds of the log hut, by swearing that by the Eternal devil he’d beat us both at partridges to-morrow.

## TURF REGISTER.

*Blood Stock of* PATRICK NISBETT EDGAR,  
Esq., of *Lynessville, N. C.*

No. 1. SALLY CROOK, a beautiful blood bay mare, bred (as I have been informed) by Mr. John Taylor, formerly of Brunswick County, Va., but at present a resident in Florida; she is very well formed, about fifteen hands high, and very sway-backed; she was formerly the property of Mr. James Robinson, now of Tennessee, but formerly of Warren County, N. C., and at present the property of myself. She was foaled about the year 1825; was got by Drummond's Napoleon (son of Sir Archy), her dam by Young Sir Harry, grandam Splinter by Young's Whalebone, g. g. dam by Imp. Fearnought, (this mare was the g. g. g. g. dam of the late Maj. Wm. Lucas, of Mecklenburg County, Va., Miss Fidget,) her g. g. g. dam by the imported horse Silvereye, g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Jolly Roger, g. g. g. g. dam was the imported mare Mary Grey, I understood in 1775.

N.B. The above pedigree can be fully substantiated by the following certificates.

*Her Produce.*

1837. B. f. by Eclipse Lightfoot, purchased at 2 yrs. old for \$200, by Mr. Joshua Paschall.
1839. B. f. *Luna*, by First Fruits. She took the only premium for the Get of American horses, at the Boynton Show, in June, 1839. Price \$1200. Mr. Lewis Read, Warren County, N. C.
1839. B. f. by Gohanna. Sent to Benbow.

Young Sir Harry was bred by Mr. Clack Robinson, of Warren County, N. C., was got by Imp. Sir Harry, his dam by Dogfish, grandam Jett by Imp. Flimnap—Diana by Clodius—Sally Painter by the Imp. horse Evans' Starling—Imp. mare Silver, got by the Imp. horse the Bellsized Arabian.

(Signed) CLACK ROBINSON.

North Carolina, April 30, 1839.

*True Copy of Mr. Robinson's Letter.*

"April 30, 1839.

"Mr. Lewis Read,—Dear Sir—I received your note per boy last evening, requesting the pedigree of Sally Crook, a bay mare bred by Mr. John Taylor, now of Florida, traded to Mr. Joshua Paschall by my brother James Robinson,

now of West Tennessee. Sally Crook was got by Napoleon, her dam by Young Sir Harry, and he by Old Sir Harry; his dam by Dogfish, grandam by Flimnap, and she out of Wm. E. Broadman's old Diana, who was by Clodius, out of Sally Painter. Sally Painter was got by the Imp. Starling, out of Silver, imported by Mr. Evans, both of which was by the Bellsise Arabian in England. Sally Crook's grandam, Splinter by Whalebone, out of a Fearnought mare raised by Mr. Allan Young, of Mecklenburg County, Va.

"Young Sir Harry was raised by me, out of the Dogfish mare.

(Signed) "CLACK ROBINSON."

Warren County }

State of }

North Carolina. } "I do hereby certify that in the year 1808, the late Mr. Allan Young, senior, of Cox's and Allan's Creek, in Mecklenburg County, Virginia, gave me the pedigrees of his two horses, called Whalebone and Ostrich, and at that time informed me that the Fearnought mare, in the remote pedigree of the latter horse, was foaled his property. He gave the late Col. Haynes, of North Carolina, a very high price, to allow him to put his Silvereye mare, got by the Imp. horse Silvereye, her dam by the Imp. horse Jolly Roger, out of the Imp. mare Mary Grey, to the Imp. horse Baylor's Old Fearnought, in the year 1772. Mr. Young further stated that he bred several foals from said Fearnought mare, and that after getting out of the stock of this mare, he never could get into it again, until he purchased Miss Fidget, after the death of Maj. Wm. Lucas, at his sale.

"Given under my hand and seal this 24th day of August, 1839.

PATRICK NISBETT EDGAR.

Seal.

You will oblige me, Sir, greatly, by publishing the above.

LEWIS READ.

Warren Co., N. C., Aug. 28, 1839.

Mr. P. will oblige me by making further enquiries for the full pedigree of the mare imported by Mr. Perkins, in Boston, I have repeatedly written both to him and Mr. Wm. Forbes for her pedigree, ineffectually. She was, as stated in the "Spirit of the Times," got by Toby, out



of a Greg mare. I can find no such mare in the English Stud Book.

P. N. EDGAR.

*List of Blood Stock belonging to L. P. CHEATHAM, Esq., near Nashville, Tennessee.*

No. 1. MERMEN, Imp., br. h., 13 yrs. old, and 5 feet 4 inches high. He was got by Whalebone, out of Mermaid by Orville. For pedigree, performances, &c., see Am. Turf Register, vol. vii. p. 293.

No. 2. CROCKFORD, ch. h., foaled in 1834, 16 hands high, and is full brother to the celebrated race horse Chesterfield. He was got by Pacific, out of Roxana by Wilkes' Madison, grandam by Imp. St. Paul—Imp. Diomed—Meade's Old Celer—Meade's Old Pilgrim—Imp. Fearnought—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Valiant—the Imp. Jenny Cameron.

No. 3. MARLBOROUGH, gr. h., foaled 1834; was got by Imp. Luzborough, out of Geranium (No. 4, also the dam of the celebrated race mare Piano.)

No. 4. GERANIUM, gr. m., foaled 1824; was got by old Pacolet, out of Nell Saunders by Little Wonder—Julietta by Imp. Daredevil—Rosetta (grandam of Virginian) by Imp. Centinel—Diana by Clodius—Sally Painter by Evans' Starling, out of the imported mare Old Silver. See Am. Turf Register, vol. i. p. 370, and vol. iii. pp. 263, 486, &c.

Stinted to Imp. Skylark.

No. 5. PRINCESS, gr. m., got by Old Pacolet, dam by Second Diomed—Old Wild-air—Midge by Imp. Fearnought, &c. (Midge is the dam of Proserpine.) Stinted to Picton.

No. 6. KATY ANN, ch. m., by Ogle's Oscar, out of Young Maid of the Oaks (Medoc's dam) by Imp. Expedition—Willis's Old Maid of the Oaks by Imp. Spread Eagle—Imp. Shark—Rockingham—Gallant—True Whig—Imp. Regulus—Imp. Diamond, &c. Stinted to Imp. Skylark.

No. 7. MARIA LOUISA, b. m., foaled 1827; was got by the Imp. Arabian horse Bagdad, out of Katy Brown by Imp. Diomed, grandam an imported mare got in England by Imp. Diomed. Stinted to Imp. Skylark.

No. 8. MEDORA HOWARD, b. m., foaled in 1832; was got by Carolinian, out of No. 7. Stinted to Imp. Skylark.

No. 9. PANAMA, b. m., foaled 1833; was got by Crusader, out of No. 7. Stinted to Imp. Skylark.

No. 10. ALICE RIGGS, ch. m., foaled 1832; was got by Imp. Leviathan, out of Old Sally Hope by Sir Archy, gran-

dam an imported mare by Old Chance (own sister to the celebrated race-horse Grimalkin), g. g. dam Jemima by Phenomenon, g. g. g. dam Eyebright (own sister to Conductor, sire of Trumpator, Alfred, Ainderby, &c.) by Matchem—Snap—Cullen Arabian—Grisewood's Lady Thigh by Partner—Grey Hound—Sophonisba's dam by the Curwen Bay Barb—Lord D'Arcy's Chesnut Arabian—White Shirt—Old Montague mare, &c. Owned jointly with the Messrs. Merritts of Va. Stinted to Skylark.

No. 11. GREY MARIA, gr. m., foaled 1834; was got by Giles Scroggins, out of Henrietta by Sir Archy—Forlorn Hope by Bell-air—Fancy by Atkins' Independence (he by Fearnought)—Americus—Fearnought—Jolly Roger—Traveler—Imp. Monkey—Imp. Barb Mare, &c. Stinted to Imp. Barefoot.

No. 12. LADY HICKMAN, gr. m., got by Sir Henry Tonson, dam by Oscar (he by Wonder, out of Old Rosy Clack), grandam by Imp. Diomed. Her grandam was brought to Tennessee from Virginia by a Mr. Pride. Stinted to Imp. Skylark.

No. 13. BRUNETTE, bl. f., foaled 1836, got by Cock of the Rock, out of the dam of No. 12. Stinted to Picton.

No. 14. LEVITY, b. f., foaled 1836; was got by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder, grandam Alligrante, the dam of No. 22.

No. 15. LUZZETTA, br. f., foaled 1836; she was got by Imp. Luzborough, out of No. 5.

No. 16. PELION, b. c., foaled 1836; got by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Bertrand, grandam No. 5. Owned jointly with Mr. L. Sherley.

No. 17. SHARATAK, b. c., foaled in 1836; got by Flying Dutchman (he by John Richards) out of No. 6.

No. 18. PICKWICK, b. c., foaled 1837; got by Pacific, out of No. 4.

No. 19. MELMOTH, b. c., foaled in 1837; was got by Imp. Merman, out of No. 6. He is entered in the Criterion Stakes, to come off over the Nashville Course in the Spring of 1841, to which there are twenty-two subscribers at \$1000 each, four mile heats. Also a large Sweepstakes to come off over the Gallatin (Tenn.) Course, the Fall of 1840, twenty-three subscribers at 500 each, two mile heats.

No. 20. MARMION, br. c., foaled 1837; got by Imp. Merman, out of No. 9.

No. 21. MELBOURNE, br. c., foaled in 1837; got by Imp. Merman, out of Mary Lowe (sister to Hortensia) by Pacific, grandam Bett Bosley by Wilkes' Won-

der, g. g. dam by Old Chanticleer—Imp. Stirling—Clodius (full brother to Celer)—Imp. Silvereye—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Partner—Imp. Monkey, out of a mare imported by John Bland, of Virginia.

No 22. LAURETIE, ch. f., foaled 1837; got by Imp. Luzborough, out of Alligrante by Imp. Strap—Sally Andrews by Imp. Jack Andrews—Drucilla by Imp. Druid—Old Bell-air—Imp. Shark—Imp. Medley—Imp. Fearnought—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Shock—Imp. Sober John.

No 23. MARIA BASS, b. f., foaled in 1837; got by Havoc, out of Lady Bass (Kinlock's dam) by Conqueror, grandam by Ball's Florizel—Grey Diomed (son of Imp. Medley)—Symm's Old Wild-air—Imp. Flinnap—Imp. Valent, &c.

No 24. MAZARIN, b. c., foaled 1838; got by Merman, out of No. 9.

No 25. SARAH COLEMAN, ch. f., foaled 1838; got by Margrave, dam by Hamiltonian (he by Imp. Diomed), grandam by Hamiltonian, g. g. dam by Imp. Buzzard, as given by Wm Hancock.

No 26. MONMOUTH, ch. c., foaled in 1838; got by Margrave, dam by Imp. Bluster, grandam by Imp. Eagle, g. g. dam Bett Bosley, the grandam of No. 21.

No 27. MARRYATT, b. c., foaled 1839; got by Imp. Merman, out of No. 7.

No 28. KEOKUCK, b. c., foaled 1839; got by Skylark, out of No. 8.

No 29. OLIVER TWIST, b. c., foaled 1839; got by Skylark, out of No. 9.

L. P. CHEATHAM.

Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 19, 1839.

*Blood Stock of JOHN MAXWELL, Esq., of Pendleton Village, S. C.*

No 1. REDGAUNTLET, ch. h., sixteen hands high, foaled Spring of 1824. He was bred by Col. Singleton of S. C., was got by Sir Archy, out of Sylph by Hephestion—Lottery by Imp. Bedford—Anvilina by Anvil—King Herod—Tartar—Partner—Hephestion by Imp. Buzzard, out of Imp. Castianira, the dam of Sir Archy.

No 2. VIOLA (the dam of Chestatee), gr. m., bred by Mr. Rapley, of Abbeville, S. C., in the Spring of 1819. She was got by Old Gallatin, out of Clio by Imp. Whip, grandam Sultana by Imp. Spread Eagle, g. g. dam Orilia by Percy, g. g. g. dam by Buckskin, g. g. g. g. dam by Hero, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Brutus, g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Tarquin, &c. Old Gallatin was by Imp. Bedford.

*Produce.*

1834. Fall. JOCASSIE, gr. f., by Redgauntlet.

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1836. March. B. f. by Argyle.

1838. Feb. 29. Gr. f. by Imp. Rowton.

1839. May 30. Gr. f. by Redgauntlet.

Viola and Joccassie are now in foal to Imp. Tranby.

No 7. Bay colt by Hiazim, out of Queen Adelaide,—foaled 31st March, 1838. Queen Adelaide was by Arab, out of Ann Reed by Virginian. Hiazim was by Sir Archy, out of Janey, the dam of Polly Hopkins.

No 8. Brown filly, imported, foaled 1837, bred by Mr. Boardman of Altringham, England; was got by Bay Malton, dam by Whisker, out of I'm-sure-he-shan't by Coriolanus (son of Sir Peter), out of Warrior's dam by Young Marske—Matchem—Tarquin—Y. Belgrade—Bay Malton by Filho da Puta, out of Racket by Castrel. Vide English Stud Book, vol. iv. p. 365. Certificates of pedigree, purchase and importation, are in my possession.

I will add the following, though they are not thorough-bred.

No 1. LOCKSLEY, ch. h., foaled 1831; was got by Crusader (by Sir Archy), dam by Trimble's Buckskin, he by Old Buckskin—Mark Anthony—Partner, &c., out of a Recruit mare; Recruit was by Imp. Sterling.

No 2. Chesnut mare, by Redgauntlet, out of the dam of Locksley.

No 3. Chesnut filly, foaled 1838, by Hiazim, out of No. 2. Hiazim was by Sir Archy, out of the dam of Polly Hopkins.

No 4. Bay mare, 6 yrs. old, by Redgauntlet, out of the dam of Anti-Tariff.

No 5. Bay filly by Jackson, out of No 4; he by John Richards—by Sir Archy.

JOHN MAXWELL.

Pendleton Village, Aug. 22, 1839.

*Blood Stock of JOHN D. TYLER, Esq., of Montgomery County, Tenn.*

No 1. NARRAH MATTAR, b. m. For pedigree see Am. Turf Register, vol. vii. p. 288.

No 2. LUCY DUFAY, b. f., foaled 17th Sept., 1835; was got by William Tell (he by Stockholder, his dam by Pacolet,) out of No. 1.

No 3. HELENA, ch. f., foaled 8th of May, 1837; got by Miantonimoh, out of No. 1.

No 4. Grey filly, foaled 4th April, 1839; was got by Imp. Autocrat, out of No. 1. [R. K. Tyler.]

No 5. AURELIA, gr. m. See Am. Turf Register, vol. vii. p. 288, and vol. i. p. 364.

No 6. KITTY CLOVER, ch. m. See

Am. Turf Register, vol. vii. p. 288. (Dead.)

No. 7. POLLY JEFFERSON, ch. m., 8 years old in June, 1837; she was got by Mons. Tonson, dam by Constitution, grandam by Perfection, (he by Imp. Clifton, out of Col. Holcomb's Old Wild-air mare, the dam of Ariadne,) g. g. dam out of a Diomed mare, she out of a Celler mare, raised by Gen. Everard Meade.

No. 8. HENRIETTA SCOTT, by Sir Charles, out of Charlotte Temple, own sister to Gohanna. Owned by John D. Tyler and H. H. Bryan.

No. 9. ELLA CROSBY, by Grey-hound, out of a Timoleon mare, she out of the imported Chance mare, the dam of Sally Hope. One half of Ella Crosby was presented to me by my friend Geo. W. Cheatham.

No. 10. MIAntonimoh. See American Turf Register, vol. vii. p. 288.

No. 11. PHAROLD, b. c., foaled 19th May, 1837; was got by Imp. Autocrat, out of No. 7.

No. 12. ALIQUIPPA, b. f., foaled 5th May, 1838; got by Imp. Autocrat, out of No. 7.

No. 13. PLAUDIT, gr. f., foaled 1st of April, 1838; got by Imp. Autocrat, out of No. 5.

No. 14. BETTY HAYDEN, br. f., foaled 1st April, 1839; got by Miantonimoh [No. 10], out of No. 5.

No. 15. AGNES MONTEITH, gr. f., foaled 27th March, 1839; got by Miantonimoh, out of No. 9. Owned by John D. Tyler, and Geo. W. Cheatham.

No. 16. HENRIETTA TEMPLE, ch. m., by Contention, out of No. 7. Owned by C. Crusman, H. H. Bryan, and John D. Tyler.

No. 17. FANNY WILDING, ch. f., foaled 12th March, 1836; got by Miantonimoh, out of No. 6.

No. 18. NAT PEGRAM, ch. c., foaled 1836; was got by Imp. Leviathan, out of No. 7. Owned by John D. Tyler, H. H. Bryan, and (I believe) Col. John Williams.

JOHN D. TYLER.

Montgomery Co., July 19, 1839.

*Blood Stock of Maj. WM. JONES, of Cold Spring, L. I.*

No. 1. PRINCESS, foaled in 1817, and bred by Mr. G. Vandever, of Flatbush, King's County, L. I. She was got by Defiance, out of Empress by Imp. Baronet, her dam by Imp. Messenger; grandam (a thorough-bred mare) by Snap, out of Jenny Auter by True Britton; her dam Quaker Lass by Juniper, out of Molly Pacolet—her g. g. dam by old Spark, g. g. g. dam Queen Mab, g. g. g. g. dam Miss Caldwell.

Defiance was got by Florizet, who was by Imp. Diomed, his dam by Roebuck, grandam by Independence, g. g. dam by Imp. Sentinel or Flimnap, g. g. g. dam by Imp. Janus, out of a thorough-bred mare.

Roebuck was got by Imp. Sweeper, dam by Imp. Bajazet.

Independence was got by Imp. Fear-naught, out of a thorough-bred mare.

Princess was sold in 1839 to J. J. Palmer, of Georgia.

No. 2. SIDI-HAMET, b. h., foaled 29th April, 1830; got by Eclipse, out of No. 1. Sold to Col. W. R. Johnson.

No. 3. VERTUMNUS, b. h., foaled 8th May, 1831; he is own brother to Sidi-Hamet. Sold to Col. W. R. Johnson.

No. 4. MISTAKE, b. h., foaled 26th of May, 1834; was got by Andrew, out of No. 1. Sold to Col. W. R. Johnson.

No. 5. COMMODORE TRUXTON, b. c., foaled 7th March, 1837; was got by Imp. Barefoot, out of No. 1.

No. 6. EMILY GLENTWORTH, b. f., foaled 23d Feb., 1838; got by Imp. Trustee, out of No. 1.

No. 7. DOVE, gr. m., bred by the late Gen. Nathaniel Coles, of Dosoris, L. I., in May 1817; she was got by Duroc, out of Romp (sister to Miller's Damsel, the dam of Eclipse,) by Imp. Messenger, grandam an imported mare by Pot-8-o's, g. g. dam by Gimcrack.

No. 8. ZENOBIA, ch. f., foaled 8th of May, 1835; got by Imp. Roman, out of No. 7.

No. 9. TREASURER, b. c., foaled 1st April, 1836; own brother to Zenobia.

No. 10. FLEETFOOT, gr. f. foaled 15th April, 1837; got by Imp. Barefoot, out of No. 7.

No. 11. YOUNG DOVE, gr. f., foaled 31st March, 1838; got by Imp. Trustee, out of No. 7.

N.B. The above mares have never been trained or run, although they are from the best racing stock which Long Island has ever produced, Princess being from the same mare as Young Empress, who is the dam of Lance, Ariel, O'Kelly, St. Leger, Angeline, &c. Dove's dam and Eclipse's dam being own sisters, and Dove and Eclipse being sired by Duroc, makes them the same blood.

All the above colts are promising.

WM. JONES.

Cold Spring, Aug. 16, 1839.

*Blood Stock of R. W. OGDEN, Esq., of Bowling Green, Ky.*

No. 1. GASTRIDING, b. h., 15 hands 3 inches high, bred by Joshua R. Bullock, of N. C. He was got by Harwood, dam by Collector, grandam by Imp. Citizen.



Harwood was got by Sir Archy, out of Asnopleda by Imp. Diomed, grandam by Melzare, out of Clack's old mare. Collector was by Mark Anthony, out of Lady Legs by Imp. Centinel, thoroughbred, and the fastest horse in the United States in his day. Imp. Citizen was the sire of Pacolet, and also of the dam of Stockholder and Sir Charles.

No. 2. BETSEY STOCKTON, bl. m., 6 yrs old, by Arab, dam by Cook's Whip, grandam by Old Quicksilver, he by Imp. Medley.

No. 3. ELLEN MARY, b. f., foaled the Spring of 1838; got by Gastriding, out of No. 2.

No. 4. VICTORIA, b. f., foaled 10th April, 1839; got by Imp. Contract, out of No. 2.

Betsey Stockton is now stinted to Imp. Contract.

No. 6. NANCY CARTER, b. m., 6 yrs. old, by Arab, dam by Bedford, son of Imp. Bedford.

No. 6. COPENHAGEN, b. c., foaled 10th June, 1836; got by Gastriding, out of No. 5.

In 1837 Nancy Carter missed to John Randolph, and in 1838 she missed to Gastriding.

No. 7. Bay filly, foaled 10th of July, 1839, got by Imp. Contract, out of No. 5.

No. 8. SALLY TIGER, ch. m., 6 yrs. old last Spring; got by Gastriding, dam by Pacolet.

No. 9. Chesnut colt, foaled 20th April, 1839; got by Imp. Contract, out of No. 8.

Sally Tiger is now stinted to Imp. Contract.

One half interest in Gastriding I have sold to Jas. W. West, of Louis County, Missouri, and he will stand at Monticello next season. R. W. OGDEN.

Bowling Green, Sept. 6, 1839.

Produce of Bonnets o' Blue, the proper-

ty of WM. GIBBONS, Esq., of Madison, Morris County, N. J.

BONNETS o' BLUE was foaled in 1827, and broke down in a race with Little Venus at Columbia, S. C., in Jan. 1833. For her pedigree see Am. Turf Register, vol. v. p. 62.

*Produce.*

1834. Missed to Star.

1835. Missed to Eclipse.

1836. April 10. MARINER, by Shark.

1837. April 26. FASHION, ch. f., by Imp. Trustee.

1838. Missed to Milo.

1839. Feb. 24. ECHO, gr. f., by Imp. Trustee.

Bonnets o' Blue is now stinted to Shark. WM. GIBBONS.

Madison, Sept. 18, 1839.

Addition to WILLIAM H. TAYLOR'S *Stock, Mount Airy, Virginia.*

AURORA, (dam of Howa and Czarina,) dropped on the 17th ult. a bay colt with a star, and left hind foot white, by Priam, named *Antrobos*.

MULTIFLORA, by Mason's Rattler, &c. has dropped a colt to Henry 2d, he by Henry, out of Young Romp by Duroc—Romp by Messenger, (dam of Cock of the Rock.) The colt is named *Tucharelli*.

*Revised pedigree of CAPT. THOMAS HOSKINS by Autocrat.*

On reference to the American Turf Register vol. iv. p. 216, I find the pedigree of *Captain Thomas Hoskins* incorrectly published in vol. ix. p. 480. It should run thus: Capt. Thomas Hoskins by imported Autocrat, out of Minerva by Tom Tough, g. dam by Imp. Sir Harry, g. g. dam Diana by Americus, g. g. g. dam Kitty Fisher by Alderman—Wildair—Vampire—Imp. Kitty Fisher by Cade, son of the Godolphin Arabian.

June 1, 1839. WM. H. TAYLOR.

Pedigree of *Albornoz*, the property of R. E. SUTTON, Esq., of Charleston, S. C., July 19, 1839.

I beg of you the favor to register the name and pedigree of my imported colt. I claim for him the name of *Albornoz*. He was foaled on the 28th of January, 1839, and is now four feet two inches high, under the standard; his color is a blood bay without white. He is a splendidly formed colt, and is pronounced unexceptionable by competent judges. He resembles very much the plate of his illustrious sire. Dr. Syntax, and I believe he is the only one of his get in the United States.

He was got by Dr. Syntax, out of Sarah by Sarpedon, out of Frolicsome by Frolic, her dam by Stamford, out of Alexina by King Fergus, &c.

Dr. Syntax was got by Paynater, dam by Beningbrough, her dam Jenny Mole by Carbuncle, &c. &c. R. E. SUTTON.



## Notes of the Month.

### OCTOBER.

**GREAT RACE AT NORFOLK.**—As the American Racing Calendar cannot be resumed in the present number of the Register, the result of the great race of the past month is noted here.

**THURSDAY, Sept. 19**—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.;—with a Post Stake of \$1000 each, P.P., between Messrs. Johnson, Hare, and Wilson. Four mile heats.

Ed. J. Wilson's (Charles Hatcher's) gr. m. <i>Omega</i> , by Timoleon, out of Daisy-Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 6 yrs.....	1	1
O. P. Hare's (W. Livingston's) b. c. <i>Job</i> , by Eclipse, out of Jemima by Rattler, 4 yrs....	2	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. m. <i>Mary Blunt</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Alfred, 6 yrs.....	*	

Time, 7:54—7:57. \* Broke down.

**THE GOODWOOD CUP.**—The "Great Western" steam-ship, brought the intelligence that *Harkaway* had won the Goodwood Cup, beating *Hyllus*, who was second, and *Deception*, who was third, and six others. A picture of this formidable horse, now esteemed as second only to the famed English Eclipse, has been presented to the Editor, by Capt. Stockton, of the navy. He resembles in the picture *Plenipotentiary*, more than any other horse we can remember; his quarters show amazing power, and the shoulder is so heavily muscled as to appear almost clumsy.

**THE BLOOMSBURY TRIALS.**—One of the trials in which the pedigree of the late Derby winner was put in issue, has resulted favorably for Mr. RIDSDALE; and the other issues pending, will not probably be brought before a jury. The case of Lord LICHFIELD was so weak, that it reflects no credit on him to have appealed from the decision of the Jockey Club to a court of law, on such grounds.

**THE NEW YACHT.**—Mr. STEVENS has not yet so far completed his beautiful yacht, as to get a trial of her sailing qualities. The delay is occasioned exclusively by those engaged in fitting up her superb cabins. Before another number of this Magazine is issued, the very interesting experiment will be settled.

**KENDALL RACE COURSE.**—Mr. KENDALL has had his track re-measured, to prevent any further dispute; and we are pleased to find it a full mile. The following is the certificate of the fact, the original of which is in our hands:—

September 10th. 1839.

This is to certify that we, the subscribers, did on this day carefully measure the Kendall Race Course, with two 10 feet rods, and find it to be 1760 yards and one foot. We measured within three feet of the inside railing, close on the edge of the grass, and we have no hesitation in saying it was closer to the railing than any horse could possibly run. Given under our hands the day and date above mentioned.

T. R. S. BOYCE,                      JAS. B. KENDALL,  
CHAS. S. W. DORSEY,              HENRY GILL.